



Una Voce

JOURNAL OF THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC
(formerly the Retired Officers Association of Papua New Guinea Inc)

Patrons: His Excellency Major General Michael Jeffery AC CVO MC (Retd)
Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia
Mrs Roma Bates; Mr Fred Kaad OBE

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON –

This year's Christmas Luncheon will be on Sunday 5 December at the Mandarin Club Sydney.

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAINS

The annual spring visit to the Blue Mountains will be on Thursday 7 October. Last year we gathered at the spacious home and garden of Edna and George Oakes at Woodford and everyone agreed it was the most enjoyable of our many mountain trips. Fortunately Edna and George will be our hosts again this year. Full details in September issue.

ADVERTISING RATES will be increasing effective January 01 2005 :
Advertising Rates

As it is a number of years since our advertising rates last went up it has been necessary to make an increase effective January 01 2005 as follows:
Quarter page \$50, half page \$100, full page \$200

CPI: The CPI for our superannuation rose 1.4% for the six months to March 2004 and will be paid at the end of June.

***don't forget to have a look at our

website: www.pngaa.net

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**'UNA VOCE' IS THE JOURNAL OF
THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA**

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA INC

Please send all correspondence to: **The Secretary, PNGAA, PO Box 452, Roseville NSW 2069.** Items for *Una Voce* are welcome and should be marked 'For Attention: The Editor' or emailed to: editor@pngaa.net By submitting your article/story for publication, you agree that we may, after publication in *Una Voce*, republish it on the internet unless you advise us to the contrary.

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Membership is available to any person having an interest in PNG. Annual subscription - \$15. The membership year corresponds to the calendar year and an application form is available from the Secretary at the above address or you can download one from our website.

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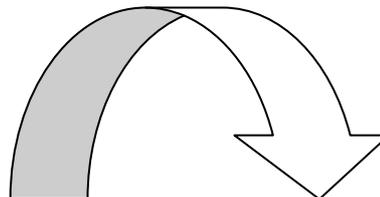
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IN 100 WORDS OR LESS – SEA TRAVEL

SEA TRAVEL

A Tribute to Two Small Ship Skippers

Two men who shall not be forgotten and who were Masters of Government trawlers were Captain Bill Tebb of the Rhona Falls and Captain Goya Henry of the Thetis. Both ships worked in the Sepik area in the sixties. Bill had been a frogman with Buster Crabbe on the beaches of Normandy and went to Norway on an abortive exercise to sink the Tirpitz. He was a diver on Thursday Island before working in New Guinea.

Goya Henry was a pre-war pilot who flew under the Sydney Harbour Bridge. His license was suspended whilst his brother, a lawyer, appealed to the High Court. Goya won the case because the Commonwealth didn't have Civil Aviation Jurisdiction till each State conferred the powers on the Commonwealth. It was an interesting point of law which Goya never forgot to tell you when you sailed with him on the Thetis.

I once sailed with Goya in 1963 to Wuvulu Island, north-west of Wewak. Goya said 'If we miss it, my boy, we'll end up in the Philippines'. Goya had a flair for Shakespeare. He said on a rough night at sea: 'So foul and fair a night I have not seen'. Kiaps he referred to as 'proud men dressed in brief authority'.

I kept in touch with both these great men when they retired to Sydney. With the going down of the sun we shall remember them!

Harley Dickinson

To join my Kiap husband, 57 years ago, as a young naïve girl from a non-drinking, swear free family, and the only female on the *Doma*, I spent a week travelling from Moresby to Samarai with men who profoundly swore and constantly drank alcohol; and then spent an overnight trip, again the only female, on the *Matarani* from Samarai to Misima on the trawler's hatch with 26 scantily clad indigenous men, and their livestock, and the toilet facility was a seat swung out over the side of the vessel in full view of them; and a trip from Misima to Woodlark when, for two days the horizon was vertical and I was seasick and felt like dying; but far worse than the cyclone we weathered when travelling on the *Malaita* in the Coral Sea, was a terrifying night trip from Esa'Ala to Samarai on board the work boat, *Zircon*, with no escape from the stormy weather and the only place to sit was a seat running alongside of the vessel where green water waves were crashing over. Bill and I could easily have been washed overboard into the treacherous sea. We arrived in Samarai soaked and I asked the District Officer what would happen if children were involved. He said: 'If so, the trawler would be sent!' A night trip on a small coastal vessel, rolling from side to side during a violent electrical storm in the Gulf of Papua, was a horrific experience having, at this time, two babies to care for. This was part of being a Kiap's wife.

Nancy Johnston

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE – **RIVER CROSSINGS**

Deadline for entries 12 August 2004

Write/Phone/Fax/Email

Please put pen to paper as we would all like to share your stories

NEWS FROM QUEENSLAND: Frank McCrudden writes –

Dave and **Jan Tarrant** recently came up from Adelaide to Brisbane to baby-sit the cat when their son Peter and his family took off for a European Holiday. Jan, being a Banana-Bender, caught up with family and friends while Dave took the opportunity to meet up with **Ray Field**, **Ken Connolly** and **Frank McCrudden**. Over a long lunch and a few Guinness's at the Brisbane Irish Club they reminisced about their many happy years together at the Department of Labour in Port Moresby. **John Herbert** had planned to join them but unfortunately had to cancel because of illness.

The good news is that it did not take long for John to get back on his feet again.

NEWS FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY: Jim Toner writes -

Kevin DIFLO, a former Mayor of Palmerston, is still in the local government business. A lecturer at Goroka and Wards Strip Teachers Colleges 1963-73 (and injured survivor of a plane crash at Kainantu in 1970) he is now in charge of the council at Ali Curung (for any readers who have driven up the Stuart Highway that is a community situated some 50 kms south of the Devil's Marbles).

If **Duncan DEAN** secures a seat on Palmerston Council in the May elections 'wantok' representation will be restored. Duncan, once a kiap (1967-80 at such stations as Baniara and Mendi) will be standing as an Independent with a very viridescent viewpoint.

Any readers who recall semi-naked tribesmen being required to surrender bows and arrows would have been astonished when the PNG government of 1997 offered a huge sum to purchase amongst other armaments two of the world's best attack helicopters, the Russian Mi-24, for use on Bougainville. Their connection with the NT is that they are now collecting rust and dust at a RAAF base here while sequestered by the Australian government. They are a continuing reminder of the fiasco known as the Sandline Affair which dragged on until March this year when Major-General Singirok was acquitted of sedition by the PNG National Court. He was the Defence Force commander who instigated the remarkable "*Operation Rausim Kwik*" which it is fair to say prevented any possible use of rockets or tracer bullets amongst the people of Bougainville.

As in the rest of the world PNG has concerns about security from terrorism. Identity cards for all have been proposed but since there is a suggested cost of 100 million kina what is expected to be known as the "*Kumul Kat*" may not be available soon. However there was a strong demonstration of security measures when the giant British liner QE2 called at Lae during March. Apparently the tourists had an enjoyable visit but extreme care was taken as to who could visit the ship, the British High Commissioner to PNG finding himself amongst those barred from boarding!

Fred KAAD who was executive officer for the Curry Commission which proposed the creation of the University of PNG might have managed a self-congratulatory smile had he been able to attend the latest graduation ceremony at Waigani. There were over 800 young men and women lining up to receive degrees, diplomas and certificates.

Just as extraordinary to me is that the university at Goroka has over 1200 students on its books. Since only 600 can live on campus the remainder must be lodging around Goroka turning it into a sort of university town as found in England or America.

W32/Netsky will mean nothing to non-computer users but it is a current virus which "borrows" senders' addresses at random. Which didn't stop me being shocked to receive a poisonous email from normwilson@atsic. I promptly phoned Canberra to find out why the former Goroka kiap was sending a worm to an old mate. As usual he denied everything insisting that he had retired from ATSIC three years ago and was innocently occupied building a deck at his house under the vigilant eye of **Deirdre**, wife and former ASOPA-trained school-mistress. The next worm I received was from "kojak" so I have to accept that the wretched virus does operate in some random fashion.

Another 'wantok' emerged from retirement to comment on the recent "plagiarism in political speeches" controversy. **Sir Kenneth TRESIZE** having spent some 18 years as speech writer for **Sir Julius Chan** had views to offer readers of "The Australian". In his younger days Ken, better known at grass roots level as *Terasisi*, was one of the memorable collection of Co-operative Officers active in PNG during the Sixties.

May Day 40 years ago meant a great deal to some of PNG's mixed-race population then numbering some 2300. Minister Hasluck had sensibly urged that they be permitted to seek Australian citizenship if they wished. **Harry SPANNER**, son of an English ex-soldier and never seen around Rabaul without his solar topee, did wish and was first man through the door as soon as it was ajar. After Independence he joined the Department of Civil Aviation and on landing at Horn Island, Torres Straits, during the '70s I was delighted to find him, with the familiar white helmet of course, in charge of the airstrip there.

Flipping through my 1964 diary I find that I also took a celebratory libation on 1st May with other new Australians, **Isaac WATTEMINA**, gentlemanly keeper of the records at the District Office and **Joe SCHULTZ**, respected Kokopo elder. They were happy citizens and their descendants are assuredly Queenslanders.

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NEWS FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA -John Kleinig

The story "**Under the Volcano**" (ABC TV Foreign Correspondent, 11 May 2004) was a stark reminder of what Rabaul has become and now perhaps looks destined to remain. It was the most unlikely place in which to build a town. The deep and protected harbour was the real enticement but the erupting volcanoes, earthquakes, and the vagaries of man caused endless trouble. Without a doubt it has to be one of the most unstable places on earth.

Visiting the town in late 2002 after an absence of nearly 32 years was a strange experience. Being driven from the new airport at Tokua just out of Kokopo into Rabaul was fairly dramatic. The Kokopo road was as bad as you would get anywhere and I wondered whether the vehicle would hold together. This was tempered by spectacular views of Tavurvur with huge clouds of ash billowing from its mouth at unpredictable intervals. Upon entering Malaguna Road nothing seemed to have changed except for the dilapidated condition of the buildings. There was no sign of the Vesters Street flats and there were probably close to a hundred of those.

Mango Avenue was a scene of almost total devastation and despair. The Hamamas, on the site of the old Ascot, was very comfortable and we were well looked after but the ash permeated everything. The floors were constantly covered with a film of ash and sweeping seemed a pointless exercise. The ash, sweeping across from Tavurvur, had blackened the swimming pool and even the restaurant wasn't spared.

We went out to the old airport and such was the intensity of the ash and the disorientaion it caused, that for some moments we feared we would not be able to get back into town. The road to Namanula Hill had subsided and was completely impassable.

Despite all this, the town still possesses a blissful innocence that entices you back. We are off to visit again this September!

Stan PIKE recently hosted one of his now not to be missed Malaguna Tech reunions at the Kaleen Club in Canberra. The turn up included four from SA - **Christine** and **Brian LOCK**, and **John** and **Jan KLEINIG**. During the evening the indefatigable Stan organised a telephone hook-up to speak with some of the old "stagers", **Tennyson LAU** on the Gold Coast, **Graham BOWDEN** in the Hammersley and **Pat** and **Val DRISCOLL** in Cairns.

Whilst in Canberra I had the opportunity to catch up with **Mike BOURKE** who I last saw in PNG in late 1971 where he was an agronomist at LAES¹ just out of Keravat. Mike is now an important part of the ANU and I was surprised to find that over the years he has spent much time in PNG despite concerns about security and the general malaise of the place. He has involved himself in numerous agricultural assignments for the World Bank and most of the major multinational aid agencies. He has also written many books about his work.

¹ Lowland Agricultural Experimental Station

The suggestion in a recent *Una Voce* by **Barry GRAIG** and others that a "Friends of the Pacific Gallery" group be established to assist with the Pacific Collection at the SA Museum received an unexpected enquiry. **Peggy WHEATCROFT/CAPPY** saw the article on the PNGAA website at her home in the USA and rang the listed telephone number. Peggy and her husband, **Wilson**, an anthropologist, befriended Barry at Telefomin in 1968. Wilson, who was financed by National Geographic, worked with the Tifalmin people who live a day and a half walk from Telefomin. Now Peggy intends returning to these villages in PNG and Barry was able to provide some valuable advice.

NEWS FROM PNG:

Bob Cleland writes –

Last April, my brother **Evan** and I travelled to Port Moresby to bury ashes of **Dame Rachel Cleland** in the grave of her husband, our father, **Sir Donald Cleland**. Dame Rachel had a long-expressed wish that her ashes be divided and buried in two places. Shortly after her death in Goondiwindi, Queensland on 18 April 2002, one part was buried in the Perth churchyard with her brother's, and in the soil of her city of birth. The other part of her wish was to be with Sir Donald and in the soil of the country, and with the people, she had grown to love.

Two years after her death, Evan and I carried out her wish privately and without ceremony or publicity in the 9 mile cemetery at Port Moresby. We are replacing the existing headstone, now somewhat weathered but thankfully not vandalised, with another recognising them both.

Our visit was short but as well as fulfilling the main purpose, and thanks to visiting old haunts and having some interesting discussions with old friends, I came away with considerably more confidence for PNG's future than the impression I - indeed all of us - had formed from the Australian media reporting. Walking around Moresby, the same-looking people still make eye contact with a smile and a greeting. We heard encouraging accounts of good things happening in rural areas. We see the economy improving, and a degree of international and business confidence returning. There's a long long way to go, but I feel the tunnel is still there and the light at the end still beckons.

* * * * *

James Collins, of the Collins & Leahy dynasty, has lived most of his life in PNG and writes about present day life in Madang -

About three weeks ago torrential rains washed three bridges and two large power pylons away in the Ramu Valley in the vicinity of Usino. This cut the road from Madang to Lae and the highlands and cut power from Yonki Hydro. The consequent lack of road transport disrupted supplies into town, most notably fresh fruit and vegetables from the highlands. The town market was deserted in comparison to normal operations with very little on offer. Potatoes have already become a near luxury item as the blight in the highlands has virtually wiped out production over the past nine months or so. To sight a pile of small potatoes at the market is cause for great excitement with word quickly passed around that there are some for sale (at

inflated prices of course). The road has just been re-opened to light traffic with a temporary bridge erected over the worst wash out. Supplies are slowly returning to normal, with other essential items also coming into town.

The power outage has had a greater impact as only one of the town's six standby generators is operational. This has led to 'load shedding' with only certain sections of town having power at any one time. On an average day around eight hours of power is all that can be expected. When PNG Power was questioned as to the plight of the non working machines (and this was reported in the newspapers) they said they should be working when the parts that were ordered TEN years ago arrived!

Just this week the one remaining gen-set has begun to play up and we have only had three hours of power in the last three days. Fridges have defrosted, there is no or very little town water, the hospital cannot operate as it has no standby power, you can't book a ticket with Air Niugini, some of the banks don't have power so money can't be accessed through eftpos and now Telekom has announced that fuel for their standby gen-set is running low and they don't have the funds to buy more so phones will probably go out as well!

The villagers from where the pylons were washed away are refusing to allow repairs unless they are paid compensation for the use of their ground over the last 30 years or so, PNG Power are having trouble getting to the site because of the bridges being out anyway. So the situation looks set to drag on for quite some time.

All in all it certainly makes for difficult living. Some readers may well say that they lived with far less in their time in PNG; however the difficulty now is that we have come to expect and rely on these services and measures have not been put in place to make do without them.

On a lighter note we operate a 100 foot live aboard dive boat out of Madang and next year we are doing a cruise from Wewak, up the Sepik and then to Madang, Lae, Tufi and points of interest in between before finishing in Alotau. Starting around June 7th or 8th and cruising for 15 days. If any readers want more information and are interested in joining us (maximum 24 passengers) please contact us at: info@blueseacharters.com or PO Box 494, Madang, PNG

* * * * *

John Howard of Madang also writes -'Thought you might be interested in this material about Anzac Day in Madang. When I turned up at 5.30 am at the Lighthouse [Coastwatchers Light] I was astonished at the number of people - about a thousand! The last time I had been at an Anzac Service here there were about 50 people.

We had a big show here last weekend for the opening of the AusAID funded library. The university has taken over the Paramedical College, and the Lutheran School of Nursing has become affiliated. At the opening Somare announced that the government was handing over to Divine Word University the old Ansett hostess quarters near Smugglers.' *Accompanying John's letter was a brochure on the library which will be a great asset to the university and the town of Madang. (The library will be available for public use, at a charge.)*

* * * * *

DID YOU KNOW?

The price of fuel has risen substantially. In early April diesel was K1.83 per litre with petrol costing K2.38 per litre. Kerosene cost K1.57 per litre. The increases were blamed on the effects of the continued conflict in Iraq and the recently imposed two percent general import levy. Joe Nitsche

The International Monetary Fund, in visiting PNG for its annual consultation, has acknowledged that the PNG economy is improving with its budget deficit down to 2% of gross domestic product in 2003, from 5.5% in 2002. (*from Aust Fin. Rev. 19.3.04*)

Aust help for highway

The 340km Morobe and Eastern Highlands section of the Highlands Highway will be repaired over the next five years with K110 million assistance from the Australian Government as part of a partnership program which has helped fund maintenance on more than 2600km of roads in 14 provinces. It is expected that work will begin in the second half of this year.

Announcing the assistance, head of AusAID in PNG John Davidson said: "Australia's focus on the maintenance of key economic roads ensures all Papua New Guineans have access to vital health and education services, as well as promoting stability and supporting the PNG Government's export led economic development".

Works Minister Gabriel Kapris replied: "The new funding to maintain the Highlands Highway is a real boost for the region and secures the economic lifeline of the people who rely on the highway for access to markets and essential services..... This will make a real difference to the lives of Papua New Guineans and I would like to thank the people and Government of Australia for their support."

From the Post Courier 19.04.2004

China has been encouraging PNG officials and businessmen. Keen for international investment to boost the PNG economy, a delegation of 80 Papua New Guineans travelled to Beijing in February, led by Prime Minister Michael Somare. Two way trade between China and PNG grew 56% in 2003, to \$365 million. Negotiations have been underway for the government owned China Metallurgical Construction Corporation to acquire 85% of the Ramu Nickel project – to build and operate the mine and refinery and to buy all the nickel and cobalt it produces. The PNG team was also hoping for Chinese investment in oil and gas development as well as in forestry and fisheries exploitation. *From Aust Fin Rev 12/13.02. 2004*

REUNIONS

EX-KIAPS REUNION - CANBERRA

A group of Canberra ex-Kiaps are organising a reunion lunch in Canberra on **Sunday 3 October** (NSW/ACT long weekend) in the Members Dining Room at Old Parliament House. The lunch cost of \$35 will include a traditional roast lunch with orange juice, tea/coffee and fruit. There is ample free parking and wheelchair access, and the venue is on bus routes. As the October long weekend is in the middle of Floriade, accommodation bookings should be made sooner, rather than later. **Enquiries to Mike and Marg Cockburn** (mjcmac@cybermac.com.au, 02-62555483) or **Rick Nehmy** (diandric@pcug.org.au, 02-62541762 (ah)), please. **Bookings to John Wearne**, 25 Brunswick Circuit, Kaleen ACT 2617, please (jpwearne@homemail.com.au, ph 0- 62415265), and payment must accompany the booking, which should be made by 31 August 2004.

SOGERI REUNION, July 30 to August 1, 2004 to be held at the Beenleigh -Yatala Motor Inn, Cnr Stanmore Road & Old Pacific Hwy, Yatala, Qld, 4207 (about half way between Brisbane and the Gold Coast).

Celebrating the **60th Anniversary** of the school this may be the last Sogeri Reunion in this format, and so we hope that each of you make a special effort to be there on this occasion.

Please contact **Marjorie Walker**, 31 Josephine Avenue, Mount Waverley, Victoria, 3149 Phone: 03-9803 9071

SAMARAI REUNION IN TOWNSVILLE

This will be held on **9th, 10th and 11th July 2004**. There will be a 'Meet and Greet' on Friday evening, drinks, dinner and dancing to a live band on Saturday evening and a farewell barbeque on Sunday - all to be held at the Mercure Inn, Woolcock Street, Townsville. For more information about accommodation and activities please phone **Yvonne Sellen** on 07 4723 2988 or mobile 0408 621 832, **John Wilkinson** email: admin@wilkinsonhomes.com.au or phone 07 4725 5444.

RABAU LADIES' LUNCH, held the first week in May in Brisbane, has been going since 1987. It was organised this year by **Isabel Pritchard** with a little help from **Margo Clarke** whose sister **Patricia Hopper** attended while visiting family in Brisbane. Those present were – **Rita Smith, Joyce McGrade, Iska King, Lola East, Sally Hansen, Marlene Stroehler, Beth Pashley, Ricki Avenell, Judy Hart, Margaret Contant, Moana Gangloff, Rosemary Dable, Margaret Kelly** and first timer **Fay Goodman** from Toowoomba. Everybody welcome – come and join us!
Margo Clarke

Rules Reunion – Henry Bodman writes:

Twelve of the twenty in the 1961 Moresby AFL premiership side hailed from Perth and so, under the expert direction of **Rod Sergeant** (Comworks) and wife **Shirley**, 50+ of the Red 'n Whites gathered at Rod's beach shack at Rockingham. Rod and his neighbour waded out to sea and returned with enough crabs to stop the ravenous horde in its tracks.

Anyone who still thought forty years doesn't show was quickly reminded of just how much it **does**. The old photos showed svelte like warriors with plenty of dark hair – Rockingham showed white -not grey- hair (where hair was still visible), ample girths in most cases and the odd stoop here and there. The ladies seemed to have weathered the 40+ years somewhat better.

Many lies were told, the kicks grew longer, the marks higher and the wins more numerous. Among the 'early birds' were **Ray Maconachy** (Education), **Jack Moffatt** (DCA), **Doug Campbell** and **Tom Duncan** (both P & T), **Derek Sholl** (Gov Print), **Ian Robertson** (Education), **Jock Collins** (Lands), **Bob Audas** (Forests) and **Alan 'Junior' Jamieson** (still at school in '61).

At an ASOPA reunion the night before Rockingham, **Pat Dwyer** let it be known that he is an old 'Red 'n White' dating back to 1957 – which makes him the most senior

(currently known) Demon. (*Maybe there are more veterans out there?*) He and the lovely **Margaret** made it to Rockingham and joined another unexpected attendee, **Graham Bowden** (a Rabaul Rules stalwart).

The later era were represented by **John Stephens, Bill Vivien, Brian Pearce, Merv Dihm, Gary Flegg, Dave Mackie, Mal Bound, Moose Tilyard, Jim Mortlock and John Craven**. It was also great to see **Ann Collins, Liz Carboon and Penny Bonniwell** enjoying themselves, having lost their men in recent years.

Such was the enthusiasm on the day that future gatherings were planned around premierships of the 60s:

- 2006 Melbourne Contacts – Jock Collins and John Craven (40th of 1966)
- 2008 Brisbane Contacts – Ian Robertson and Henry Bodman (40th 1968 double)
- 2010 Sydney Contact – Jack Moffatt (50th anniversary of 1960 premiership)
“Rules” rules.

* * * * *

HELP WANTED

GERMAN NEW GUINEA GOVERNMENT HOUSE, RABAUL

Could anyone tell me where I could see, or obtain a copy of, a photograph of Government House at Namanula?

Please contact Dr Peter Cahill, 7 Wynyard Street, Indooroopilly Qld 4068

p.cahill@uqconnect.net

OCEANIC ART SOCIETY

The Oceanic Art Society was established in Sydney in 1995. The Society's main focus is upon Melanesian, Polynesian, & Micronesian art but not to the exclusion of tribal art from other areas, nor to the contemporary art of the indigenous people of Oceania & Australia.

The Society publishes a popular newsletter (5 issues per year), organises public lectures and film screenings on Oceanic art, and has run two courses of lectures on Oceanic art attended by a total of 130 people. It has also organised four exhibitions of Oceanic art - including a joint exhibition with the Macleay Museum in 1999. Its third book, published in association with the University of Hawaii, & which should be out in a few months, is 'War Shields of Oceania'. The origin of this publication is a very successful exhibition mounted during 2000. Annual membership is \$35 for single membership, \$40 for couples. Further details are available from the Society's website – at www.oceanicartsociety.org.au - please consult it. If you don't have access to the internet, the OAS can be contacted c/- PO Box 678, Woollahra 2025.

* * * * *

Bob Ross sent the following:

I enjoyed endeavouring to master *Tok Pisin* pre 1966, but until this day was unaware the language had a small part of its origins in Shakespeare. The full quote from The Bulletin of April 20 2004 provides the context: Iago on the reputation of his friend Cassio. Note the italicized words:

"Who steals my purse steals trash; tis *something, nothing*

Tw'as mine, tis his; and has been slave to thousands

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs of that which not enriches him. And makes me poor indeed".

Compare with "samting nating" Seems a good match to me.

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**“WALK INTO PARADISE” - 1956 Feature Film to Screen Again
By Bob Cleland**

Who remembers this film? Filmed mostly near Goroka, it is about a patrol led by Mr Patrol Officer Chips Rafferty, to confirm an oil strike in the Highlands. Female lead was French actress Françoise Christophe and Fred Kaad had a featured part. Other Goroka identities can be glimpsed in minor parts and as extras. It has a Boys Own plot and lots of patrol incidents and is a lot of fun.

I have organised to hire from ScreenSound Australia a new print from the Kodak/Atlab Cinema Collection, and obtained copyright permission from Penn Robinson, son of the Director Lee Robinson, to show it on a non-profit basis. Any surplus from ticket sales after meeting all costs will go to a charity.

Organiser: Rotary Club of Kenmore, contact Bob Cleland. Moral support from PNGAA

Beneficiary: Rotary's *Donations in Kind* which collects and sends, mostly to PNG, a huge quantity and variety of medicines and drugs, hospital and education equipment, books, even ambulances and fire engines. Over 15 years, some 300 shipping containers have gone to PNG.

When: **Sunday 22 August** 2004 at 6.30pm

Where: Schonell Cinema 2, University of Queensland (mud map sent with tickets)

How Much: Adults \$20, Pensioners and children \$16 Light finger meal/coffee incl.

Tickets: Prepayment is essential. Please send: (1) specific request for number of tickets (2) name and address for ticket return (3) cheque/money order for correct amount to: Bob Cleland, 83 Bielby Rd, Kenmore Hills QLD 4069 Ph: 07 3378 7533.

THE GUSAP RACES

Extract from a letter written by Roma Bates following a trip to a Gusap Race meeting in August 1962.

Thursday 29th August 1962

Not being the slightest bit interested in horse racing, it seemed a pointless thing to do to attend a race meeting, but I hadn't been to Gusap before so for the heck of it, I decided to have a Day Out.

A plane load of us - sitting sideways as usual on the freight plane, jammed like sardines, with our feet on half 44 gallon drums cut lengthways filled with ice to keep the beer cold, left Madang at 9am and headed for Saidor where we picked up a few more passengers. A picturesque run down the coast with its beautifully coloured coral atolls in jade green and Reckitts blue water basking in the sun, the variegated jungle sweeping up from the beaches to the mountains. What a pretty station Saidor is - from the strip. We didn't leave the plane so only glimpsed it from the open door. Vin Smith the A.D.O. sporting a Luluai's cap boarded the plane with Frank Martin, A.D.O. Bogia, who is staying with him and several others, and off we set once more.

Coming in to Gusap with its miles of runways and dispersal bays left over from the war, we were surprised to see three D.C.3s sitting on the strip; after all, in a stretch of flat country stretching for miles in all directions with not one sign of habitation, house or humpy, man or dog, one would not expect to see a pride of large planes.

A good smooth landing - young Bennett's father was the pilot - in this arid, dusty plain and we stepped out on to cement hard-baked ground - Marsden matting everywhere, a trap for spike heels. Les Brady and various other officials for the day met us in a collection of jalopies. I was astounded to see a sedan car amongst them so I quickly hopped into it, leaving the Landrover and trucks for the younger generation. Les Brady greeted me breezily and bussed me soundly, Jack Scurrah looking more like an overripe tomato in shape and colour than ever before, was standing beside him. Unless you were told, you would never know who Jack was as he wore a large brimmed felt hat about 4 sizes too big. If it hadn't been for his ears which kept it in place, he would have been wearing it round his waist. So in a gust of hot dust, we drove off to the racecourse. The other DC3s bursting with passengers still sat on the 'drome, I presumed they were visitors for the day but no - they were grounded waiting for the weather to lift in Lae, Wau and Goroka, whither they were bound. And they stayed there for hours, long after lunchtime before they got off the ground. Those poor wretches, imagine sitting in those ovens, and I guess they had nothing to eat or drink, with nothing to occupy the time, no scenery to admire except the encircling mountains miles away in all directions. I guess they didn't permit the passengers to go to the races to while away the time in case the weather lifted suddenly and they had to make a hurried take-off before it closed in again.

Well, the racecourse reminded me of the good old bad days in the early 30's, when things were primitive and we were tough. Bush timber and Marsden matting supplied fences archways and gates. Across the main entrance was an archway of such with the name "FLEMWICK" swinging in the breeze. An archway keeper (there being no gate)

demanded 15/- for men, 5/- for ladies - with a lucky ticket to boot we tied on our entrance tickets which were replicas of those used South - and there the only similarity to a race meeting south, ended.

Some of the natives (paid) 10/- to enjoy the refinements of the Paddock - so aptly named on this occasion. The stables were a long kunai roof supported where necessary with spindly tree trunks. The horses were very docile and amiable, quite happy to stay tied to a post which they could have knocked down if they had leant against one. Their names were painted on bits of tin or wood and suspended from the kunai roof somewhere near the relevant horse although one was never sure if the name belonged (to) the horse beneath it.

The Secretary's office was of timber - obviously culled from demolished houses - and displayed therein was a dazzling array of trophies. So incongruous with the surroundings and therefore, all the more delightful.

The totalisator was a tiny kunai (walls as well as roof) humpy with slide-down windows of butter box lids. The 3 bookie stands of similar materials but very sparse, stood unoccupied all day as the planes from Lae, Wau, Bulolo, Moresby and Goroka could not get in because of the weather. I think Madang and Gusap must have been the only places without a cloud that day.

The Bar was the biggest building with a square counter in the centre surrounded by seats of Marsden matting. We were assured that there would be plenty of cold drinks this time - last year they had no ice at all, which is not surprising as I suppose they have to fly it in from Kainantu or somewhere - but the Madang people didn't trust them and took their own ice, beer and food, just as well too as we were the only ones who were self-supporting. A few of the married women had brought food with them, especially those with children, but mostly everyone expected to get it at the Bar, and they would have too, and had cold drinks also, if the planes had been able to get in from Lae.

Beyond the bar, on a rise up which one stumbled over the hummocks of dried grass and kunai buried in the dust, stood the Grandstand - also of kunai, just a roof (all that was necessary anyway) and the seats were strips of Marsden matting - I am sure it is only the Marsden matting left after the war that has held New Guinea together; it would have disintegrated long since without it, there would have been no schools, hospitals, or buildings of any kind in this Territory if it had not been for the Marsden matting and arc-mesh left behind by the army. The view of the track from the grandstand was adequate; it was not a long track as the "going" was too rough; the finishing post was dead opposite the grandstand - in the approved manner.

At the back of the grandstand in an old dispersal bay (a good place for them) were the toilets. One nearest the bar was labelled in large letters on a piece of case "BLOKES" and the other lurked coyly in a corner near the grandstand and was labelled "LES GIRLS". Of course both were built of kunai - Les Girls had a piece of rusty iron for a roof.

It was all so rough and primitive and I adored it. It was a tremendous feat to have

achieved a racecourse in the middle of nowhere, let alone provide (foiled by the inclemency of the weather) for hundreds of visitors.

The saddling bell rang (a lump of iron ex war) and we stumbled over to the saddling paddock, supervised the “weighing in” and calculated cannily which one of the brumbies had a chance. They filed out on to the track in numerical order but didn’t run in numerical order!! Some of the jockeys sported “colours” and lent an air of authenticity but mostly they were “as is”.

Not being a “better” or is it spelt “bettor”, I was surprised to find myself in the queue for the “tote” and put on my bets with the best of them. Sometimes I won.

After a few races the auctions were held. The horses for auction were walked around the saddling paddock and Les Brady started auctioning. The idea is that people “buy” the horses for the day and if they win, the temporary owners collect the trophies.

We Madangites “bought” “JEWEL” for £22 - which won a race later - but the funniest thing was Clancy from Madang, who was as full as a bull, quite unaware of what he was doing, bid for and had a horse knocked down to him - named Trigger. It registered with him that he had a horse, so he took bridle in hand and led it round and round the paddock and the grounds, in and out around the bar and grandstand, completely exhausting it so that in the end one could not tell which was stumbling the most - the horse or the owner. He entered it for the last race and it ran last, poor thing, and thus ended his few brief hours of glory as a racehorse owner, but he got a lot of tiddly satisfaction out of solemnly parading it; occasionally the horse objected but Clancy managed to quieten it by merely leaning against it - perhaps the alcoholic fumes helped anaesthetise it into docility again.

By mid afternoon there were a lot of hungry people and thirsty ones too as the beer was quite hot by this time and warm spirits and water were not thirst quenching. The weather at Lae was beginning to lift so the poor strip-sitters who were supposed to catch the DC6 at Lae for Sydney, took off. A Cessna took off to rendezvous, at Nadzab, with a plane from Lae carrying food, beer and ice - had to make two trips. Its return was heralded with rowdy cheers and horn-blowing.

The afternoon drew to a close and I decided to visit Les Girls. Picking my way over the Marsden matting hidden amongst the weeds, I rounded the corner and was astounded to see a 44-gallon drum with a tap, hand basin, Palmolive soap, and clean hand towels. Inside the “toot” there was a proper seat over the hole, and wonders of wonders, TOILET PAPER. I had brought some with me from Madang, (having been to these bush affairs before) just in case. Such luxury! They must have carted the water for miles, dunno where the nearest habitation is but I couldn’t see any on the horizon. I can imagine the necessity of drinking water and the trials of carting it would have to be endured, but water for washing - that was really something.

And so a hilarious day ended with a scramble for the plane and we packed in once more, tired, filthy, sunburnt, but in high spirits. Took off for Saidor where we dropped off Vin Smith and Co. (Ben Hall was amongst them) and we clung on to the sides of the plane for the take-off from Saidor. We no sooner left the strip and loosened our

grip, resuming an upright position once more, than down the plane zoomed like a rocket engines roaring. The sea leapt at us and then the coconut trees flashed by the windows and we seemed to be nose-diving on to the strip. The women either side and opposite were busy praying, some fumbling for rosary beads; myself I thought, "Oh Lumme, this is it". However, just as we braced ourselves for impact, up zoomed the plane again and levelled off. Some of the men were white and shaking, others running with sweat. It shook all of us. There was nothing wrong with the plane, it was Ivor Bennett's idea of a joke just to give us a thrill at the end of a funny day - the thing was he didn't warn us about it beforehand so we didn't think it so funny. However we soon got back to norm, and as we had picked up a guitarist at Saidor, he played and we sang the rest of the journey home. It was a terrific day, I enjoyed every bit of it and for £3 inclusive of fare, food and beer, I consider it was good value indeed.

Saw lots of people I knew - Judith and Kees (Hoogland) from Kainantu who had made the long arduous journey in a Landrover with 3 kids, a playground, food and drink, Lor! - not my idea of a relaxing day out. Barbara Jephcott 5 months pregnant which didn't minimise her activity at all except she didn't ride any of the horses; she was the Secretary, Al and Horrie Niall who had driven up from Lae, whatsername from Kainantu, at Beeps store there, Cook isn't it? and various others, so when I wasn't looking over the horses' forms, I was busy nattering.

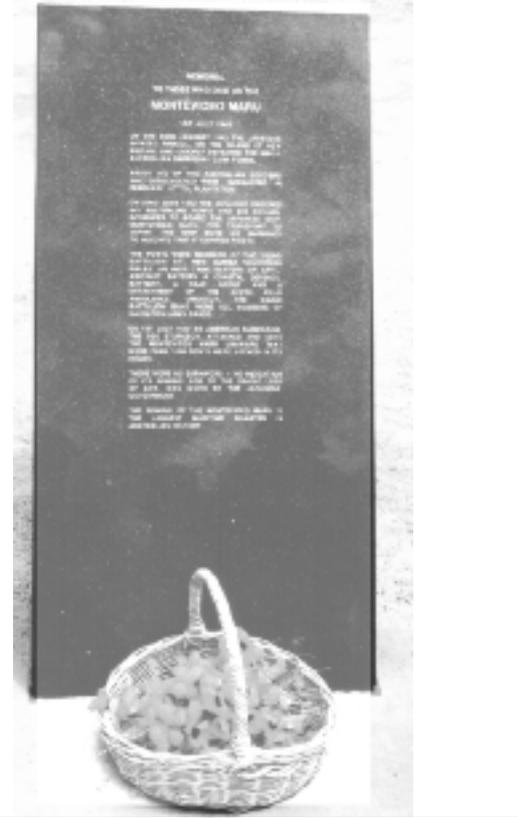
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**MONTEVIDEO MARU MEMORIAL COMMEMORATION AT
BALLARAT, VICTORIA
By MR Hayes**

The commemoration of the \$1,800,000 130 metre polished black granite wall at the Ballarat Botanical Gardens to honour and name the 35,675 Australian POW from the Boer War and subsequent wars took place on Friday 6 February 2004.

The POW wall commemoration was a much publicised event with our Governor General, Major General Michael Jeffery, General Cosgrove, the Victorian Premier and other dignitaries taking a prominent part in the proceedings to commemorate our POW until the Korean War concluded in 1953 (there were no POW in Vietnam). This event was very well covered by all national and regional newspapers and TV stations. Some 8000 including about 500 surviving POW attended this event.

By contrast, whilst the City of Ballarat, as sponsor for the commemorations, worked hard locally to make the events of Friday and Saturday a success, it was almost impossible to achieve any publicity for the Montevideo Maru commemoration on Saturday 7 February. I personally contacted ABC Radio, ABC TV and Melbourne newspapers – none sought fit to refer to this event, save by obscure oblique references relating to the ship, and none advised of the Saturday commemoration, making this event virtually a secret rivaling some of the best Second World War secrets. Why??

	<p style="text-align: center;">MEMORIAL TO THOSE WHO DIED ON THE MONTEVIDEO MARU 1ST July 1942</p> <p>On the 23rd January 1942 the Japanese invaded Rabaul, on the island of New Britain, and quickly defeated the small Australian garrison – LARK Force.</p> <p>About 160 of the Australian soldiers who surrendered were massacred in February, at Tol Plantation.</p> <p>On the 22nd June 1942, the Japanese ordered 845 Australian POW's and 206 civilian internees to board the Japanese ship Montevideo Maru, for transport to Japan. The ship bore no markings to indicate that it carried POW's.</p> <p>The POW's were members of the 2/22nd Battalion AIF, New Guinea Volunteer Rifles, an anti-tank battery, an anti-aircraft battery, a coastal defence battery, a RAAF group and a detachment of the 2/10th Field Ambulance, uniquely the 2/22nd Band were all members of the Salvation Army bands.</p> <p>On the 1st July 1942, An American submarine the USS Sturgeon, attacked and sank the Montevideo Maru unaware that more than 1000 POW's were locked in its holds.</p> <p>There were no survivors – no indication of its sinking nor of the tragic loss of life was given by the Japanese Government.</p> <p>The sinking of the Montevideo Maru is the largest wartime disaster in Australian history.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Photo – Max Hayes</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Montevideo Maru Monument, Ballarat, Victoria Commemorated 7 February 2004</p>	

Prior word of mouth and phone calls by those interested did, however, attract some 400 people to this event on a beautiful day; and some seating was provided, though seating and tents etc, were being noisily knocked down and carted away during the ceremony. Mr Kim Beasley MP was in attendance, having a personal interest in the loss of his uncle, a missionary carpenter who did not survive.

It was pleasing to see the Veterans' Band of The Salvation Army in attendance and their performance was much appreciated. It was the Brunswick Salvation Army Band which volunteered in 1941, en masse, to join the 2/22nd and all were lost, save for one, in the Rabaul events.

Presiding Officer for the Ceremony was Brigadier Keith Rossi (retd), AM, OBE, RFD, ED. After introductory welcomes by the Mayor of Ballarat and the Project Officer of the Memorial; Mr Norman Furness, President of the 2/22nd Battalion Lark Force Assoc (one of those to escape Rabaul after the Japanese invasion of 23-1-1942) and Mr John Clark, representing relatives of those who died on the Montevideo Maru, Mr Ian Hodges of the Australian War Memorial, and Mrs Margaret Reeson delivered summary and background commentaries.

It then fell to Mrs Lorna Johnston MID (nee Whyte) who came from New Zealand for the event, formerly of the Australian Army Nursing Service and who was captured in Rabaul and transported to Japan as a POW on the Naruto Maru where she remained for three years until the end of the war, to address those present and unveil the polished black granite monument, which is situated adjacent to the centre of the long POW wall. Today there are only three of the nurses who were taken to Japan alive (one Army, one Missionary and one civilian). It seems appalling to me that the best recognition which can be offered this brave woman was a MID.

Following this, the dedication of the monument was lead by Canon John May MBE who was Padre of the 2/22nd Battalion, and also captured and taken to Japan.

Wreaths were then laid by several persons on behalf of the fallen and poppies laid in personal remembrance by hundreds at the monument.

This monument is largely the inspiration of Dr Les Drew of Canberra, in memory of his older brother, a member of the Salvation Army Band. The monument lists the services, 2/22nd, NGVR, various army units, RAAF and field ambulance which were lost when this ship carrying 1053 was torpedoed on 1-7-1942. There appear to have been several accidental omissions in naming those units listed on the face of the memorial; 1st Independent Company, the battery at Praed Point, Fortress Engineers/Signals/Artillery, and those Norwegian crew of the 'Herstein' sunk at Rabaul. It is intended to have the surface reground and etched with further unit names. The designer of the memorial, Peter Blizzard, kept the same black granite format as utilized in the POW wall. The monument is a solid piece of black granite set into a concrete base at a slight reclining angle. On Friday night, a book by Carl Johnson, entitled 'Little Hell', the Story of the 2/22nd Battalion and Lark Force, was launched by Kim Beasley before a gathering of about 200 persons at the Bell Tower Motel, Ballarat. Enquiries for this book of 320pp in A4 size, case bound with dust jacket priced at \$115 posted should be directed to History House at jenkinaust@optusnet.com.au.

Book Release

Little Hell

Compiled by Carl Johnson

The Story of the 2/22nd Battalion and Lark Force

320 pages, size A4, case bound with dust jacket and beautifully printed with over 600 photographs, newspaper articles, maps and letters. Foreword by Kim Beasley. Nominal Rolls are included for the 2/22nd Battalion, Lark Force and 1st Independent Coy of New Ireland, plus many other lists, eg Civilians lost on the sinking of the Montevideo Maru.

Only 750 copies printed, \$115 (including P & P within Aust)

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A Special 100th Birthday...



On March 20th 2004 Joe Nitsche and his sister Gisela Devine invited many family and friends to Joe's home to celebrate the 100th birthday of Flora (known affectionately to many as "Mutti"). In welcoming the guests Joe described some aspects of their mother's life.

Mutti was born in Selecia, Germany (now Poland). She was the youngest of 4 girls and 2 boys. As a young girl she moved to Alt Kuenkendorf, a small village about 80 km from Berlin, to be governess to the children of her sister Eva. There she met her husband to be, Hugo. In 1932 Mutti made a long and arduous journey alone through Poland, Russia, along the Caspian Sea, Azerbaijan to Tehran to marry Hugo, who was working there. This was where Gisela and I were born. In 1941 our parents decided to return to Germany as the Russians were advancing, but this changed dramatically when my father was interned by the British. The trip back to Germany was horrendous; the Russians plundered, leaving us with only the clothes in which we were traveling.

We returned to Alt Kuenkendorf, and moved later to the nearby town of Angermuende; but by 1945 the Russians were again approaching so women and children were evacuated – in our case to Duingen, which was later part of West Germany. It was a difficult and stressful time for my mother, having to cope with food and clothing shortages, living in crowded accommodation while trying to do the best for her young family, never giving up. With no close relatives and my father away she lived in an atmosphere of fear and anxiety.

In 1949 our family was briefly re-united in Australia before my father departed to PNG to take up his appointment as an agricultural officer. Our mother followed later and they lived at Aiyura Agricultural Station in the PNG highlands. It was a happy time, and many of the friends they made there were here to share her birthday with us. My father retired in 1964, and sadly he died in 1965. By then I also was a didiman in PNG, and Gisela was married to Terry – they were both teaching in country NSW. Mutti lived on her own until 1998. She had 3 grandchildren, 5 great-grand-daughters and one great-grandson. We say OUR MUTTI was the best. God bless her.

Mutti thoroughly enjoyed the celebration of her birthday, but unfortunately developed pneumonia a few days later. Sadly, Mutti passed away on Friday 21 May 2004.

MILNE BAY By Bob Piper

American Company E, 46th Engineer Service Regiment, departed Port Moresby in June 1942 for an 'unknown destination'. They arrived by ship on the 25th of that month at Gili Gili Plantation, inside Milne Bay, and immediately bivouacked at the adjacent mission.

After spending five days establishing camp the men commenced work in earnest on what was then simply called No. 1 Strip.

A true tropical paradise, Milne bay is 300 kilometres south-east of Port Moresby. Thirty kilometers long it varies from eight to 16 kilometres wide. On either arm of the bay are mountains clothed in thick green equatorial jungle, later to claim many war aircraft in bad weather and poor visibility.

Many servicemen who were to visit the area remembered it most for the amazing five metres of rain that poured down each year. Any construction around the bay then required good drainage as a first priority.

Gili Gili's immense coconut plantation was selected as the best site for an aerodrome. The property belonged to Lever Bros (the famous soap manufacturers) and 426 acres were cleared; 23,850 coconut trees were lopped and removed before the runway could be laid.

Under the watchful eye of unopposed Japanese reconnaissance aircraft, who made regular visits at lower and lower altitudes, the construction of the drome continued throughout July. Obstinate stumps were hastily dynamited out and a complete strip of marsden matting was laid to overcome the mud and slush. This unique new method of building a stable surface of interlocking steel sheets would provide the key to success of many future allied Pacific campaigns.

As many as 300 Australian troops often picked up shovels, because time was of the essence, and bolstered the ranks of the American engineers. Two bulldozers shipped-in speeded the operation. Trucks hauled gravel from nearby pits to further consolidate the runway and surrounding roads.

The honour for the first, unexpected landing went to 75 Squadron Royal Australian Air Force, on July 22.

Squadron Leader Peter Turnbull had earlier led six P.40 fighters in dive-bombing anti-aircraft guns at Gona; Japanese Hamps (clipped wing Zeros) intervened and a dogfight ensued. Short of fuel, Turnbull, Flying Officer Bott and Sgt. Carrol had to set their Kittyhawk fighters down at 4pm at Milne Bay to refuel. No. 1 Strip was operational in just 22 days! (Squadron Leader Turnbull was killed on August 27, 1942 while attacking Japanese tanks in the Milne bay area.)

Seventy-five Squadron arrived in strength two days after the first 'unofficial' landing. Conditions for the pilots were appalling, particularly after heavy downpours. Mud seeping through the steel matting, caused the fighters to skid and crack up. Touchdowns and takeoffs had planes throwing spray like speedboats, often skidding so violently they slewed off the runway.

In an attempt to remedy the situation the bulldozers scraped the mat daily and deposited the mud in piles on either side. Total length of the linked steel airfield was now 1525 metres, with a width of 24 metres. Even so, the Kittyhawks often required the full distance of the strip to become airborne.

As the first runway was completed, two others were under construction nearby; No. 2 to the west, at Waigani, and No. 3 to the east. Coconut tree trunks, which were in



Captain Bob Gurney

abundance, were used as revetment walls to help protect parked aircraft from air attacks.

The first air raid was at 4pm on August 4, 1942. Six Zero fighters zoomed in low from the south-west and spent 30 minutes strafing the strip and surrounding plantation. Only slight damage resulted and one of their number was believed shot down.

The Japanese seaborne landing occurred on the night of August 25. Opposing them was Australian General Cyril A Clowes with a combined force of 9500 men. In the majority they were Australian combat and service troops, supported by 500 RAAF and 1400 Americans – the latter mainly engineers and anti-aircraft personnel. Instructions were to

‘protect the airfields and deny Milne Bay to the enemy’.

High rainfall and cloud often obscured the bay from the air and probably accounted for the long time that it took the Japanese intelligence to discover the presence of the Allies in the area. The attackers were also to seriously underestimate Australian strength there.

Eleven days of bitter fighting occurred on the ground, in the air and over the surrounding seas before the Japanese withdrew during darkness on September 5. At one stage the invading marines had penetrated right to the perimeter of No. 3 Strip before being driven back. Their ships had bombarded the installations at night on several occasions.

RAAF Kittyhawk pilots were airborne as soon as they were re-fueled and re-armed. Indeed it was their relentless efforts that turned the tide. Strafing of the enemy, their stores and barges was to prove tremendously effective. It was the first defeat of Japanese land forces during the Second World War and the Australians had done it.

Casualties were high. Six hundred Japanese, 123 Australians and one American were killed. More than twice that number had also been wounded on both sides.

Number One Strip was rebuilt after the battle and No. 3 completed. At No. 2 (Waigani) work was abandoned, the decision being made to concentrate on the others as drainage and bridge building for the former would prove too time consuming.

To the Americans, No. 1 Strip was Fall River, but as early as July 1942 the Australians had begun calling it ‘Gurney’ – after Squadron Leader Charles Raymond Gurney, RAAF, who had lost his life two months earlier while acting as a co-pilot in a US B26 Marauder bomber.

Squadron Leader Gurney at the age of 35 had already become a legend in aviation. Arriving in Papua New Guinea during the early 1930’s, he piloted Junkers and DH.60 Moths for Guinea Airways. Notable early accomplishments had been the first landing at Mogeï, then Bena Bena (near Goroka), for the Leahy Brothers expedition on Christmas Day 1932. Later he flew the first Ford Trimotor, VH-UTB, over the ranges. Gurney, wishing to broaden his experience, joined the fledgling Qantas in mid 1936 to fly their DH86s and later Empire Flying boats on the Sydney-London run. In September 1939, Captain Gurney, as with many other pilots from that company, signed up with RAAF when war broke out.

Later, as the commanding officer of 33 Squadron and with his extensive Papua New Guinea flying experience, Charles Gurney was a natural in assisting the newly arrived American crews in adapting to tropical flying conditions. In doing this he was to give his life on May 2, 1942.

Damaged over the target at Rabaul the twin-engine US bomber limped away on reduced power. Attempting a forced landing on Owi Island in the Trobriands the pilots, for some inexplicable reason, lowered the undercarriage before touchdown. Second Lieutenant Christain I Herron and Gurney were killed instantly as the B26 Marauder (No. 40-1426) careered through the soft surface, dug in, and somersaulted over on its back. Five remaining crew members in the rear of the aircraft were not seriously injured and returned to Moresby by Catalina flying boat.

Lieutenant E Whitehouse, then with ANGAU as an Assistant District Officer at Dobu, described the tragedy as follows: 'The pilot when attempting to land on a long straight stretch his wheel tracks plowed deep and his undercarriage collecting ferns, trailing vines and debris completely obscuring the mechanism of his undercarriage.....the centre wheel fouled an obstruction, tearing it from the fuselage. The ship somersaulted completely burying its nose together with both engines to main driving shaft, whilst rear gunners glass dome remained intact and unbroken'.

On September 14, 1942 North East Area signal Q821 was issued. Fall River and No. 1 Strip were now authorized officially to be called Gurney Strip. Nearby No. 3 Strip became Turnbull after Squadron Leader Peter Turnbull; a fitting memorial to the two men.

Aerial action over Gurney Strip was to continue until mid 1943. Throughout the war the strip continued serving as a major staging centre for thousands of Allied aircraft. Many planes bypassed Port Moresby and flew in direct from Townsville and Cairns across the Coral Sea. During this time the strip was further consolidated and sealed, eliminating many of the wet weather problems. After the war Gurney was retained by the then Department of Civil Aviation to serve as a vital transport link and gateway to the people of Milne Bay and surrounding islands. Still surrounded by coconut trees and the occasional Second World War relic, its 2000 metres of bitumen runs west – east, only 20 metres above the nearby waters of Milne Bay.

Modern navigational aids are a non directional radio beacon (NDB) and distance measuring equipment (DME). Appropriate instrument-landing procedures are now being devised which will permit approaches in adverse weather conditions.

This article would not have been possible without the invaluable assistance of Bruce Hoy and Richard Leahy in Papua New Guinea, as well as RAAF photographer Kevin Ginnane.



Kittyhawk landing at Gurney Airstrip

A FOWL TALE FROM FINSCHHAFEN by Raymond Bamford

Jack Childs was transferred by the Dept. of Works and Housing, from Rabaul to Finschhafen in early 1950, and because he came with a wife, three children and a large Alsatian dog, called Churchill, he was given temporary quarters in a government house, next to the one I shared with Des Martin, a fellow Cadet Patrol Officer.

Jack was an “old” man of forty (well, he was almost *twice* my age), a very decent person and obviously, a very caring husband and father. They were cordial neighbors, and, one morning, Jack and Marge invited Des and me for dinner that night – an invitation we accepted with enthusiasm as a welcome change from the unimaginative and monotonous fare served up by our *mankimastas* each day. Des and I arrived early, irresistibly drawn by the tantalizing aroma of roasting stuffed chicken. The meal was splendid and we thanked Marge for it. Jack turned to me and said, “No, Ray, thank *you!* It was your rooster.” Jack went on to say that every morning since the family arrived at Finschhafen, the rooster would fly to their bedroom window at dawn, face into the bedroom and start crowing loudly and lengthily. That particular morning, the rooster’s luck ran out, when Jack felled him with a well-aimed slipper. I understand that Churchill had to do the retrieving, which probably resulted in the rooster’s demise. It was then decided, that, as it was my rooster, I should at least be invited to share in its disposal. I could not be resentful, when the subject of any such would-be resentment was sitting comfortably in my stomach, being pleasantly digested. So, all was forgiven. In fact, after 54 years, that rooster is still fondly remembered, which it would not have been had it survived his normal life-span

Later that evening, over coffee, Jack confessed that this was not his first adventure at “fowl-play.” In Rabaul, Jack lived across the street from a Chinese family, who maintained a “herd” of free-ranging poultry and Jack had a compulsion to nab one of those chickens for his dinner. For some days following, he scattered rice on the road and was finally successful in enticing the chickens on to the road. Jack then ran a cord with a wide noose from the road to where he would secrete himself behind a bush. Soon enough, a fine rooster stepped into the noose and Jack quickly dragged the protesting bird behind the bush, where it was quickly silenced by having its neck wrung. Furtively checking that he had not been observed, Jack ran back to his home, dunked the hapless bird in a tub of hot water and plucked him clean. He then went to the kitchen for a knife, with which to decapitate his prize, but on his return he was astonished to see the “dead” fowl frantically galloping home, featherless and awkwardly looking backwards with his dislocated neck. No chicken dinner that night! Jack went on to say that the rooster survived the ordeal and, in due course, grew a new set of feathers. Its neck remained dislocated, which did not seem to cause any inconvenience, but it kept away from the road thereafter. Although Jack maintained an air of innocence and waved to his neighbors in a friendly manner, they just stared back with suspicion ever after. He was definitely *persona non grata*.

* * * * *

THE PATROL POST IN THE SKY

By Chips Mackellar

It was a bitter-sweet day when we gathered together to say goodbye to Mal Lang, who died one week before his 73rd birthday.

I had last seen Mal, while I was on my way home from the Association's annual Christmas luncheon at the Mandarin Club on 7 December 2003. I went to see Mal with Bill McGrath. Along with 30 other Cadets, the three of us had joined the PNG Service together, on the same day in 1953. And there we were together again, 50 years later. Bill and I were still weathering the years, although somewhat shopworn from the ravages of time, but Mal lay there in a semi trance, stricken with cancer of the brain. Bill and I thought he wouldn't last till Christmas, but he hung on doggedly, until he died quietly in his sleep during the night of 16 March 2004.

Mal's closest friends during his last few years were Harry Redmond and John Stuntz, and they would meet every Sunday for drinks at the Manly Sailing Club. I used to join them now and again, and so did some other out of town kiaps on various occasions. During his last days, Mal had asked for a simple funeral, and a gathering of Kiaps to send him on his way from this, his favourite watering hole.

The funeral on 19th March was attended by Kiaps Harry West, Bill Brown, Ross Johnston, Neil Grant and Christine, John Blythe, Harry Redmond and myself, and honorary kiap Bert Speer. Mal's son Scott was there together with Scott's wife Natalia, and Mal's first wife Kay, and Mal's long time partner Liz Ayres. It was a simple ceremony as Mal had wished, and the eulogy was delivered by Harry Redmond.

A gathering of kiaps at the Sailing Club followed on Saturday 27th March. Kiaps whom we had not seen for years attended, including Dave Marsh, and Frank Haviland whom I had not seen since 1972, and Basher O'Connell, John Balderson, John Stuntz, Stuart Armstrong, Bill and Pam Brown, and John Blythe.

And, as Mal had wished, we talked as we always did, of times gone by when we were all young, in Papua New Guinea. Most of us had not been there for more than 20 years, and we marvelled at the strange bond which still unites us all, and which still urges us to gather at times like these. For example, what makes us gather at the Mandarin Club every year? It is certainly not the food. Why do we go to reunions at Buderim? It is certainly not the travelling. Why do we have a kiap's website, and why do we read *Una Voce*? Why do we keep in contact with each other, and why is it that those we met half a century ago in that far off land and in a life which no longer exists, are to this day, still our closest friends?

It is an *esprit de corps*, a singleness of soul, and a kindredness of spirit, which shackles us together because of our shared experience of service in Papua New Guinea. And even after half a century of change and aging, it is a unique bond which has never been broken.

And it was because of this bond that we saw no need for speeches, no farewell messages, and no more eulogies. We just sat and yarned and told tall stories, and laughed and joked as we always did, just as though Mal was still there with us. And in a sense, he always will be, still bonded to us by that singleness of soul, and it was in this spirit of companionship that we sent Mal off on his last patrol, to join all those other kiaps who have preceded us on that long, long journey which all of us will eventually take, to that big Patrol Post in the Sky.

There's a Patrol Post up there in the sky, above the sea near Lae,
Nor'nor west of Samarai, south east of Hansa Bay.
It has palm trees waving in the moon, where mosquitos sting at night,
And canoes out on the blue lagoon, awaiting fish to bite.
It smells of kunai in the rain, and smoke from the valley floor,
And you'll hear the pounding surf again, on the reef beyond the shore.

It's the place where all the Kiaps go, when their time on earth is through,
And they talk with all the friends they know, of the things they used to do.
They talk about the times now past, in places far away,
And of all the memories that last, of Independence Day.
They talk of sights and sounds and smells, and people they all knew,
Of bugle calls and mission bells, of garamut and kundu.

Of times gone by, in Samarai, and windswept coral cays,
Of tribal fights, and freezing nights, and misty Highland days,
Of black palm floors, and tidal bores, and life on the River Fly,
The Kavieng Club, and the Bottom Pub, with a thirst you couldn't buy,
Of carrier loads, and Highland roads, at the time when we were there,
Of bailer pearls, and Trobriand girls, with flowers in their hair.

And when we say goodbye to you, don't mourn us when we go.
The Big D.C. will call us too, and this of course we know.
The last Patrol will take us all, along that well worn track,
But the difference for this final call, is that we won't be coming back.
So our passing should not cause you pain, it's not sad for us to die,
For we will all soon meet again, in that Patrol Post in the Sky.

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HELP WANTED

John Howard of Madang asks the following on behalf of one of his colleagues named **USTER SIBANK** from Karkar: Uster believes he was named after a kiap and he has asked John to find out if he is still around. Would anyone recall someone by that name? Uster was born in 1962 or maybe '72! Please contact John Howard at PO Box 483, Madang, PNG.

**ADDITIONAL ITEMS DONATED TO THE PNGAA COLLECTION
FRYER LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND**

John Herbert material on industrial relations including surveys, wage determinations, arbitration hearings, awards 1980/1981, various labour related reports, European officers superannuation matters, booklets and programs in English, Pidgin and Police Motu for Independence Day celebrations 1975; **Geoff Melrose** copy of letter from Nellie Diercke (nee Parkinson) to F.E. Hellwig announcing death of Richard Parkinson; copy of letter from Harold Page to DO Robert Melrose 14. 9.32; copy of NG *Government Gazette* advising abdication of King Edward; **Mike Quinn** history of the Lae and Services (subsequently Lae) Club; **Adrian Geyle** copy of the summary section of D.J. Clancy's Special (Patrol) Report ex Lake Murray (19) 47/48 in the Elevala/Black/Strickland/Nomad rivers; copy of DDS&NA Circular Instruction no.147 of 13. 4.1952 "Extension of Government Control to Restricted Areas" **T.G. Aitchison** diary of escape from Japanese forces Madang/Mt Hagen January-May 1942; **Peter Broman** photos of J.K. Murray, official party at opening of 1st Legco 1951, Lord Casey and Paramount Luluai at Mt Hagen Show 1967, de-commissioning of *Laurabada* 1952; **Roger Merrett** 4 reels 8mm colour films 1953-1962 Madang/Goroka/Mt Hagen/Sepik; **Rosemary Turner (Brewer)** photos of visit of Governor General and Lady Gowrie to Bulwa 1937; **Josie Wallenius** letters and photographs of Kath Honeysett, Wau/Bulolo 1932, and photographs of Kavieng/Rabaul/ Bulolo/ Wau/Baiune same period; **Joe Shaw** copy of articles *Dorish Maru* massacre and "Hollandia Rescue" (no dates); **Nancy Johnson** Administration staff posting list Popondetta 1963; **Bill Warby** ditto plus commercial and private enterprise; **Mabel Holland/Nancy Reason/Rosemary Brown (Grant)/Kathleen Brown/Pat Boys/Pat Murray** evacuation recollections New Britain/New Ireland/New Guinea mainland/Papua; **Marie Colbron Conroy** Frank Legg's description of evacuations from Madang; **Jim Kemsley's** father's diary of occupation of Rabaul WW1; **Alf Uechtritz** colour photo of Parkinson family *matmat*, Kokopo; **Gladys Baker** story of Jap reconnaissance/invasion of Rabaul and help given to escaping Australian soldiers and civilians; **Don Barnes** photos of the Kainantu sub-District, Goroka, Malaria Control School at Banz, Western Highlands, and general Highlands scenes; **Nancye Simington** photographs of Coronation Day celebrations 1953, Wau; **Norm Janke** photo of students at Wau European School 1938; **Leo Butler** photo of Denis Buchanan, self and refuelling boy at Goroka (?1960s); **Jack Leach** correspondence concerning Ronald Hugh Kitson, copy of Special Patrol Report Lumi no.1 56/57 of F.D. Jones, copy of Yellow River Massacre by M.Brightwell, August 1956; **Mary Newton** Gerry Newton's history of post WW2 Department of Public Works and training programs, letter 7 November 2000 to recipients of PNG 25th Jubilee medal, photocopy of Recognition Award to G.Newton; **Shirley Lockhart (nee Feetum)** photos of Madang between the wars; **Jack Stratton** photos of Rabaul 1927, photos of native police paraded for the 1929 visit of Lord Stonehaven, Governor-General of Australia; **Anonymous** Royal PNG Constabulary band in Sydney,1950, various other police photos, wreck of Japanese Navy floating crane off Kokopo road, race meeting Vulcan (?post WW2), interior of wrecked Japanese Zero aircraft, confidential circular of 25 Feb 46 "Execution of Japanese War Criminals"; **Don Barnes (supplementary)** photos of opening Markham Bridge 1954, views Morobe and Eastern Highlands Districts; **Anonymous** decorated floats for Coronation Day, 1937, Salamaua (BP lorry represented a pirate ship ...); **Doug Parrish** copy of *New*

Guinea's First National Election. Wellington, 1964, copies of *Industrial Review*, program of unveiling and dedication of the PIR plaque, Garrison Church, Sydney, 1993, conferring of degrees UPNG, Waigani, 1970, signed menu of 1st Annual Dinner of New Guinea Police Force, Rabaul, June, 1939; **Nancy Reason** 9 watercolour sketches of PNG native costumes 1945; **E.S. Forrester** (supplementary) Air Niugini calendar (?1975) with Alastair Grabowsky prints of pre- and post-1945 aircraft; **Bob Calvert** various articles on Captain James Howie and Rev. Ned Tscharke's NGVR experiences Madang/Highlands 1942-1943; **Phil & Marjorie Head** papers concerning YWCA/amateur theatre/Scouts/Guides and other social activities Port Moresby, funeral service of Sir Donald Cleland, European officers resettlement proposals, South Pacific Games 1969, 1971, 1975; **Sue Ryan Goroka Newsletters** 1963-1964, **Maxwell R. Hayes** photographs of native police (parades/guards of honour/on patrol/riot squad) in Papua and (German and Australian) New Guinea showing uniform changes officers and constabulary ca.1901-1966.

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Once again the material donated is wonderfully rich in its diversity. For example: **John Herbert's** papers on 1960s industrial relations in Papua New Guinea; **Alastair Grabowsky's** prints of pre- and post-war aircraft; **Don Barnes's** incredible photographic collections; **Josie Wallenius's** mother's (Kath Honeysett) letters and photographs of early 1930s Wau and Bulolo are an evocative social history of a pre-war European community nicely balanced by the post-war Port Moresby collection of **Phil & Marjorie Head**, while the diary of **Tom Aitchison's** Madang/Mt Hagen escape from Jap forces January/May 1942 is extraordinary reading. And then there is the police-related collection of **Maxwell R. Hayes** ...

All I hold now are photographs needing identification and dates but I have been advised more donations are coming. The end of semester 1 (June/July) will see me checking postgraduate theses and I will then be overseas from August to early/mid November. Any donations during that period should be sent to Andrea Williams (Editor of *Una Voce*).

Any questions/problems? My email address is p.cahill@uqconnect.net.

Peter Cahill

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Postscript to the Letter written by Victor A Pratt, 1st May 1942 "War Fugitives in New Britain Jungle" - March 2004 issue - (page 34)

PNGAA's Treasurer and his wife Patricia were in Canberra recently researching family history. At the Australian Archives, correspondence was found relevant to the above. It appears that a native, SIRIBI of Madang District, was entrusted with the letter as well as other papers pertaining to Tobera Plantation and the movement of troops. These papers were handed to the District Officer, Rabaul, in 1945 who, by coincidence, was Major Charles Bates, Patricia's father. A further coincidence was that the original transcript was given to Patricia for publication in *Una Voce* by Victor Pratt's family.

The correspondence detailed the capture and subsequent execution of Pratt, Huntley and Goss by the Japanese. Copies of all the correspondence have been forwarded to Victor Pratt's family.

A Grave Discovered – Parts Two and Three

By Alfred Uechtritz

In the September 2002 Una Voce I wrote an article titled ‘Phebe and Richard Parkinson – A Grave Discovered’. This told how my grandmother Phebe’s grave had been discovered – in 2002 – near Bo Village Namatanai New Ireland. She had died there, under the Japanese in 1944. I mentioned that I would be seeking relevant permissions to transfer her remains to the family Mat Mat at Kuradui, near Kokopo New Britain.

This article records what might be called Part Two of the story and also Part Three which took place January 24 this year.

Part Two

In October 2003, having obtained required permits – Gran’s remains were disinterred from the Bo Village grave. They were then transported to New Britain where they were accepted (in a specially made casket) by the Vunapope Mission and kept in their morgue awaiting the final re-burial beside her husband in the family cemetery at Kuradui.

The casket was made in Innisfail from New Guinea timber which I had brought down to Innisfail in 1988. It was not possible to re-bury her straight away as much work had to be done on the Kuradui *Mat Mat* to straighten up and restore the graves, many of which had been badly damaged by wartime bombs. Also, for the final re-burial, many of our children and grandchildren wanted to be present. Restoring the cemetery was a tremendous job. I had wonderful help from a very special friend of our family, Julius Violaris of Nawae Constructions (based in Alotau), and his Manager Mick Kuerschner. They helped with caring enthusiasm, expertise, equipment and skilled workers both at the recovery of Gran’s remains at Namatanai and also with the reconstruction of the Kuradui *Mat Mat*. They also organized such basic but important things as accommodation and transport. Without their help I would have been really struggling to carry out the project. In fact, looking back on all that it entailed, I certainly could not have done it so quickly or so well.

From various old magazine articles, photos etc I could identify almost all the graves at Kuradui and know how they should look. One I had been puzzled about I found the answer to in the recently published book by Karl Baumann ‘The Parkinson Family, Queen Emma and Relations’. This grave had been the grave of one of my uncles Karl Alfred Parkinson who died of pneumonia aged nine years. We reconstructed the grave, made a base of karonas stone and put a cross and plaque on it. Yes – Julius’ workers even included a stonemason who cut out cement crosses to replace those lost or damaged.

It is very much worth mentioning here that the local natives, both at Bo Village and Raluana (where Kuradui *MatMat* is) were tremendously helpful, pleasant, co-operative and enthusiastic. The Raluana folk offered to put on a *Sing Sing* for the day of the re-burial to welcome HOME ‘Big Miti’ as Phebe was called! Her legend lives on!

We found out from the local people and a Vunapope priest that the most damage done to the cemetery was not from the bomb that fell in 1943 (although it did a fair bit of

damage) BUT from an unexploded bomb that the Defence Force blew up in 1983. The folk at the Mission were very cross that the Defence Force had done this with no care or respect for the surrounds. It would have been possible – though doubtless more trouble – to move the bomb for detonation elsewhere! Digging for the remains at Bo Village was a very tense and emotional time for me. We all wondered whether the *lapun Das Das* had really remembered the site accurately and whether we would find anything. The first signs that it WAS Gran's grave came when one of the diggers found the cross from Gran's rosary beads. My cousin Rudi Diercke had buried her with her rosary around her neck. Then came a brooch (we will now never know the significance of this) and the lock off the door on which she had been carried to her grave (no proper coffins under the Japanese). There were of course some of her actual remains. Much had obviously 'turned to dust' but there was part of the skull and slivers of bones from elsewhere. These were fragile and collected carefully as well as some of the earth around them to put in the casket.

Part Three

January 24th 2004 approached. For weeks before arrangements had been made – much of it by email – with the Mission and the New Britain Cultural Society. The Vunapope Mission personnel who had kindly kept Phebe's remains safely in their morgue since last October were consulted as to the time and place and order of services both at Vunapope (service in the Cathedral) and at the graveside. The Cultural Society were right behind the wish of the local people (both from Phebe's area and the area of Queen Emma – her sister) in wanting to make the day a memorable and traditional day of ceremonies to mark the return of Phebe Parkinson's remains to rest beside her husband Richard in the area and home of the people she had loved and worked for many years ago. The new generations knew of her story and it had been written up more recently in the local press and spoken of on the radio. Our family had had copied many historical photos belonging to her early days there and these were presented to the Kokopo Museum. Purchases of gifts of shell money, pigs and bananas from the Family were arranged well in advance. Final arrangements with Mission and Cultural society were made personally a few days before the event.

Because of Richard Parkinson's links with Danish royalty a Danish reporter had visited us in Innisfail and accompanied us to New Guinea. His story would have been presented in Denmark the week of the Royal wedding as connections with royalty were very topical then! We had with us also a producer of 'Australian Story' from ABC and an ABC cameraman. The show has since gone to air.

January 24th dawned bright and clear. At the Cathedral the coffin had been tastefully arranged with Crucifix and flowers before the altar. It bore two crosses. One larger and new purchased in Innisfail and below it – smaller and very old – the cross that had been found in Phebe's grave from the rosary with which she had been buried. The priest with the nuns and altar boys conducted a dignified and meaningful ceremony with a very appropriate homily. The local nun's choir sang quite beautifully – a truly heavenly choir. Members of the family read the prayers of the Faithful which we had specially written to include prayers for PNG and the occasion we were celebrating.

I carried the coffin to a waiting car and an assortment of vehicles and buses transported all to the cemetery. There the coffin was carried from car to graveside to

Alf, Cathy and Paul Uechtritz standing between the two graves of Richard and Phobe Parkinson



the beat of *garramuts* and then put in to a specially constructed small house – a ‘*Pal na Boro*’ – where it would rest during the burial service. We were welcomed by the landholder.

Father Karl Heinze Hoppe conducted the burial service with back up from altar boys and the nuns choir. Cathy (great granddaughter) presented the reading on love from *Corinthians 13* – so appropriate to one who in life gave so much love to those around her. Some of the prayers in the service had been contributed by an Anglican priest in Australia who knew the story – and structured the prayers accordingly. I gave a speech in pidgin telling the story of Phebe’s past; her wartime experiences and the re-discovery of her grave. Peter, our eldest son (Phebe’s great grandson), then spoke –also in pidgin – on what Phebe meant to his generation. Then two great great granddaughters, Kalo and Phoebe, spoke in English on what Phebe meant to them. Kalo spoke a little in Samoan (in deference to Phebe’s Samoan ancestry) quoting a

passage from Margaret Meade on Phebe’s skills in uniting the best in Western culture with the best in Pacific cultures – and also made other remarks in Samoan which Phoebe translated to English. The coffin was then lowered in to the grave by myself, Peter and Gordon (two great grandsons). Nine of our children – Phebe’s great grandchildren (only one, in the USA, was missing) and myself, then laid wreaths. Later great great grandsons filled in the grave and the wreaths and photo of Phebe were re-arranged on top of it. There was also a photo of Richard on his grave. These photos were later donated to the Museum.

We all believe that Phebe is very happy now that she is finally laid to rest beside her husband Richard. As he died in 1909 they will actually have been parted for almost 95 years! No longer will the Bo People hear her crying in the night (as mentioned in the last article). The families, both Uechtritz and Diercke are happy also.

The singing, dancing, gift giving and ceremonial followed the burial. After each dance members of the family presented gifts of bananas and shell money to the dancing

groups. Later in the programme further gifts including raw pork (cut up on the spot) were presented to all the people. The first dance was by Kuradui meris dressed in somber clothing. As they danced they chanted in rhythm “Phebe Parkinson”. The second dance was a spectacular Tambaran dance from Karavi Village (Queen Emma’s area). Followed by one more male dance and one female – both from Kuradui. There were also two whip dances which involved dancers being whipped by long gorgor (type of ginger) stems. The final dance – also very spectacular – involved some dancers who had been banished to the bush for several days with their lips sewn together so that they could not eat or drink. They danced in zombie-like fashion and were protected by minders and collapsed at the end!! About half-way through the dances there was a break for lunch provided by the people and featuring both traditional and modern food.

In the afternoon Sir Rabbie Namaliu PNGs Foreign Minister arrived from Port Moresby. He had intended to be there for the whole day but his plane had been delayed. He spoke movingly about the tremendous contributions both Richard and Phebe had made to the area and PNG generally. Richard as a surveyor, botanist, agriculturalist (introduced commercial farming and livestock) and anthropologist. Phebe through her love and care for the people and her learning of the local languages so that she could translate for Richard when he wrote his large and scholarly book ‘Thirty Years in the South Seas’ (translated into English in 1999).

We then all, including Sir Rabbie, drove to Karavia Village where there was another welcome with singing and dancing (including Tumbuans) and gift giving. Here we viewed also ‘Queen Emma’s *mat-mat*’.

As a background to all this Matupit kept ‘booming’ away and throwing up spectacular shows of ash and rocks!!!

We were greatly and pleasantly surprised, in fact quite overwhelmed, by the tremendous organization, effort, happy participation and involvement of so many local people. The New Britain Cultural Society has pledged to maintain the cemetery. It and the Parkinson story will now be part of the tourist scene.

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<p style="text-align: center;">ARTEFACTS, ART and EARLY PHOTOS</p> <p style="text-align: center;">From New Guinea, Pacific Islands and Australian Aboriginals</p> <p style="text-align: center;">WANTED TO BUY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Interstate inquiries very welcome as we are frequently interstate</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Contact Malcolm or Rene Davidson, <u>FREE CALL</u> 1800 068 230</p> <p style="text-align: center;">42 Hardy Terrace East Ivanhoe Victoria 3079</p>
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RABAUL REMINISCENCES By Colin D. Pearce

During the summer break of 1966-1967 when I was between grades 10 and 11 at the Brisbane Grammar School I went to New Guinea to stay with a missionary family my parents had known through the local Methodist Church. My reminiscences of this experience are somewhat fragmentary and the names have for the most part been forgotten. But I do have a string of quite vivid recollections which might carry meaning to others who have spent time in what at that time was called T.P.N.G.

I remember the mission station overlooking Rabaul harbour and looking towards the volcano on the opposite side of the bay. I was to stay in a bunkhouse with a handyman and five or six Niuginians who also were on bunks. They used to sleep on a straw mat placed over the wooden platform while my bunk had a mattress of some kind. I also remember the latrines which were down the hill across the lawn. It was a giant pit covered by a huge concrete slab with a row of holes acting as “commodes”. Some kind of chemical powder was thrown in periodically for sanitary purposes.

A few weeks in I had picked up some Pidgin and could communicate reasonably effectively in it. I do remember “*dispela man mauswara*” for “this chap is nuts or crazy” and “*balus e camap nau*” for the “the plane is on the way”. I remember one local saying to himself the words “economic development” over and over again trying to get it right. He seemed to put the emphasis on the “op” so it always came out “economic devel-OP-ment”. I remember how the locals would walk around holding hands, sometimes with a hibiscus flower in their hair, and driving along in utility trucks calling ‘*Marum*’ (Tolai for ‘Good Night’) to locals walking along the side of the road. I remember walking around the market in the town and noticing the albino natives standing out, in a sea of dark complexions.

The handyman fellow used to ride a motor cycle and he would fly down that mountain to the town like a bat out of hell. He used to be a snorkeller and I can see him far below me gliding along the bottom while I flopped around on the surface. I always found the pressure too hard on my ears when I tried to dive down.

I remember going out to a village for a week or so with three or four other young church people, and the locals bringing us a supper of yams and chicken etc. I remember rushing streams after a rainfall and joining some of the local kids thrashing around in the flow and swinging from the overhanging vines. And a village boy holding a big snake and showing its fangs, all the while insisting it was not of the deadly kind. It looked deadly enough to me.

I remember looking along the bay beach and seeing the smoke from the fires in the huts waft up in columns. And the caves by the water’s edge, deep in the back of which lay boats with Japanese writing on them. It was then only a little more than twenty-five years after the war but no one seemed to have any great historical interest in that event. Now, a further forty years removed, there may be a keener interest in the war-time period.

I remember having a day hike over to the volcano at the other side of Rabaul harbour and climbing up to the top for the view. The local chaps with us were so fit and strong as they went up. When we got to the top we were supposed to look for a mirror flash

or a smoke signal (I forget which) from the other side of the bay which would be our friends at the mission. I also remember a trip over to New Ireland and riding along the road in a truck looking out on an endless sea of coconut trees on a flat and sandy landscape.

I tried the betel nut with the little bag of lime and a little stick, and found it unimaginably bitter. I couldn't imagine how the Niuginians could chew it so much as to make their teeth turn black as coal over time. I remember the long, newspaper cigarettes smoked by the locals as they took a moment's pleasure . . . and going into a store run by a little Chinese man and buying a "lap-lap" for five dollars (new Australian dollars in those days) I think it was. I remember going across a bay somewhere in an outrigger canoe and it flipping over dunking myself and the other paddler into the water, thus putting an end to the old Agfa camera my father had given me to use on the trip. I remember feeling ill one day and going into the local hospital for a few days with a bout of malaria. I also remember going into a store on the main street and the radio within playing the Beatles "Hello, Goodbye" and thinking how marvellous the "Fab Four" were, back in the Beatles' heyday.

On the way back I stayed with some fellows in Port Moresby, construction workers I think. They had a local as a house boy who used to say "*Megat trouble*" if he had a problem to deal with about the house. I had one of my early experiences with beer drinking on my last night with these fellows and got on the flight (T.A.A. I suppose it was) back to Brisbane feeling a bit green around the gills.

Although my experience in New Guinea always stood out in my memory, other experiences of the early phases of life crowded in and overtook it to some degree. Forty years later and having seen something of the world I can look at it now as perhaps the most exotic adventure I was ever destined to have. Being so young at the time I certainly had no way of fully understanding what it was I saw and experienced there, but my time in the T.P.N.G. did give me a reservoir of memories to reflect on in my more mature years.

HELP WANTED

Information on the dates when each residential block of Ranuguri Hostel was completed please. Block 3 was built in early 1968 and Block 4 in 1969, but when were Blocks 1 and 2 completed and occupied? Also, what year was the Mess constructed? I understand that meals for Ranuguri residents before the Mess was built were partaken in the old Mess close to Champion Parade. What year was the hostel demolished? I spent seven "memorable" years as a resident in this hostel and these details will enhance a story I am preparing on life in this "famous" (or as some refer to it, "notorious") Administration Hostel. Contact Bruce Hoy, landahoy@netspace.net.au, (07) 3264-4227, or P O Box 249, Aspley, Qld, 4034

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Margot Herriott would appreciate a copy of an old photo of the Hotel Cecil in Lae whilst Ma Stewart and Flo Stewart were there. If you can help Margot, please contact her at: *Unit 4, 10 Westacott Street, Nundah. 4012* or email: snapdragon@uqconnect.net.au

The Obituary A Short Story by Graeme Baker

Graeme Baker's recent untimely death at the age of 61 robbed our committee of a valued and multi-talented member. An entomologist, he won international recognition for his work on nematodes and grasshoppers and excelled at painting and writing.

This short story is printed as a tribute to Graeme. It was written in 1962 when he was 20 and studying at Sydney University. It appeared at the time in the student newspaper 'Honi Soit', of which he was sub-editor.

Forty years on, in our uncertain world, his theme on 'replenishing and refining' rather than 'depleting' is more relevant than ever.

MARK SAT ALONE in a small room. The sun sinking low fell onto him, and he felt his ears flush under the warmth. The building let out an occasional creak, cooling, contracting with the setting of the sun. Along the distant corridors he could hear people's footsteps, not many, but enough for him to notice the silence that fell when they were absent.

He was flicking through the pages of a 1918 University magazine, browsing at the faces illustrated in sepia tones, a rusty grey gallery of people. These faces of Vice-Chancellors, boating teams, executive committees, and the Honours list those killed in the 14-18 war were to him only faces from the past.

People with haircuts to be mused upon, rimless glasses, handle-bar moustaches, straight backs, and arms folded to show bulging biceps. Mark's main thought was how different these people were from those around him today. How different their outlook seemed to be from that at present, judging from their facial expressions. He turned the pages dealing with those who had distinguished themselves during the war, by rising to high positions of rank, or being killed. He flicked the pages and the faces jumped out at him, some in profile looking left, facing right, in action, posed; they looked like a rapid sequence of cuts in a film.

In the bottom corner there was the face of a boy looking directly out of the page, his head turned away slightly to one side, his eyes levelled at Mark.

Mark rested the book flat on the table and left it open at the page, then leant over looking more closely at the face that captured his attention. The boy's lips were set gently together, his youthful full cheeks resting on the edge of his lips so that they were not raised in a smile nor forced down in a scowl. The competition between the two expressions gave his lips a character possessed by no other face he had come across. His eyes looked calmly from the page placidly observing, thoughtful, as if before posing he had been talking to the cameraman, and while the photo was being taken he was looking at him, thinking on what had been said. It was not the self-conscious, introverted or egotistical, 'how do I appear?' expression of those in other photos. Here was a person who had disregard for himself, and was thoughtfully observing those around him, having little interest in how he appeared to others.

He read under the photo: "Was the son of...Born at...on...Educated at... after which he enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces, and left Australia in September of...to serve with the 2nd Australian Division in France. He was killed in action on..."

Mark calculated his age at death to be 19, enlistment two years earlier at 17. He finished reading and looked back at the face. To Mark, he was unlike the rest. He could see in the boy a quality, a way of looking at the world, a personality which still existed, which he had seen in others around him, and felt he possessed himself.

The boy was dead, but his personality, the searching qualities expressed in his eyes; these were still alive, abounding in others that lived at the present time, and these people were the dead boy's link with the present. This personality or particular character could probably be found in people that lived at vastly different times.

For the first time in Mark's life he could associate himself with a person who had lived in the past. He felt he was perpetuating the things that mattered to, and about, these people, their personality foremost, then their ideals, their standards; there were still people like them living, influencing other people, and trying to broaden the occurrence of their standards. Therefore a particular personality or character could last for centuries, being widespread at times, or likened to only a few individuals at another, each was a link in the chain ensuring its perpetuation. During certain periods they were like the cysts of Nematode worms waiting for rain, they were merely isolated individuals, even outcasts, waiting to bloom again in a period more conducive to their attitudes, but the chain must not be broken, the character must not die out.

Mark looked up from the book and listened again to the soft plod of feet in the corridor. He remembered how death had confronted him several times during his life, and he had been afraid; he had feared his life had been to no avail, but now because he had seen somebody from the past who was linked to the present through himself then, he thought, as long as his own character was retained by somebody after his death then his death would not be such a terrible end to his life. Death did little against humanity, only against himself, his body – the task would be done; only he would not do it. Another would be born in the future and would perpetuate his character. Yet not only did this give him the feeling that he could die more easily, but it also created a new strong purpose for living, for he felt he had a duty to those that had died, as if now he was not only here to satisfy himself, but also to satisfy those that had gone before him, to live up to their expectations. He saw that this could go beyond the realm of retaining only personality and could be extended to much larger issues, where advancement was more important than simple perpetuation.

He had found a new purpose for living for he now saw himself as a link in the chain and he, during his lifetime, could not only serve the purpose of perpetuating it, but even bettering it, injecting new vigour into it, for there was an ultimate in all fields, complete understanding for the philosopher, immortality of man for the medical scientist, full mouths all round the world for the farmer. Ultimates which may never be reached, but with the introduction of a new individual to the field the ultimate is being approached, but if ill equipped for advancement, the ideal must be retained and passed on. It was like a never ending relay race, and there must be somebody to receive the baton, and carry it through life.

Mark thought: ‘What purpose do we serve in carrying the baton if at the end of our life we find nobody to hand it to?’ If in one hundred years all planet dwellers had a stereotype outlook, conformed to a pattern, were turned into stone statues, were dead, then our perpetuating an ideal, a personality, would all be to no avail. If perpetuation was the sole purpose, and this no longer existed, the purpose of all those before would be lost, except to say those that lived in the time between had benefited. So except for this, if life was ended, then the life of every person that formerly existed is suddenly to be found devoid of purpose.

The ultimate may never be reached, and it could be thought that this also renders the struggle pointless, but at the same time it gives every person that will be born, a purpose, for there will always be a baton to carry, and each has to carry it as far as he can during his life span.

Hell would be to arrive at the other side of death, and be told: ‘After life? That was a big hoax, you have had all that you are getting, earth was your opportunity’, then to be asked while you are looking into the void after death: ‘What did you do while you were down there? Did you leave something behind, did you advance on anything, or did you simply perpetuate it, or did you destroy?’ To reply: ‘I left nothing behind, I gave up what was left to me’, and to see nothing of you remaining when looking back, and to see no opportunity when looking forward into the void after death, to live in this void, with this thought would be hell. But to be able to say: ‘I advanced on what I found, and I know others better equipped will come along to advance it further’, this leaves little regret, only a disappointment that you can’t continue; but at least there are those on earth to continue.

Mark turned and looked out the window, and pondered on what he had seen before him.

He had only realized he was serving this purpose when he had seen a person from the past whom he had likened to himself. A person killed in battle, his life terminated, yet he recognized in himself this person’s character, and he realized the soldier was only dead in body, his character was still to be found, and he realized his purpose was to retain, perpetuate, pass on and, if possible, refine this character.

**MINUTES OF PNGAA 53RD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
HELD AT THE MANDARIN CLUB SYDNEY ON 2 MAY, 2004**

Meeting opened at 12.07pm

Present: Norma Aiken, David Bates, Warwick Bigsworth, Stephen Burns. Joan Burns, David Burns, John Bowers, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Florence Cohen, Matthew Cohen, Anne Collins, Marie Day, Paul Dennett, Linda Evans, Pam Foley, Stuart Hoare, Robin Hodgson, Pat Hopper, Clarrie James, Philip James, Jeanette John, Dierdre Johnson, Granger Johnson, Patricia Johnson, Ross Johnson, Nancy Johnston, Alan Johnston, Chris Johnston, Margaret Joynton-Smith, Fred Kaad, Gabriel Keleny, Agnes Kent, Don Lusty, Robin Mead, Iain Mitchell, Alan Neilsen, Leonore Neilsen, George Oakes, John O’Dea, Helen Reardon, Ian Reardon, Greta Ryan, Gerald Sisarich, Frank Smith, Betty Smith, Albert Speer, Stevenson, Joan Stobo, Elizabeth Thurston, Margaret Wallace, Philip Weiss, Harry West, Andrea Williams, Margarete Williams.

Apologies : Roma Bates, Joe Nitsche, Flora Nitsche, Sr. Margaret Shakeshaft, Ann Graham, Patrick Forde, Len Champness, Robert Cole, Lesley Lewis, John Ring, John McGrath, Frances Holmes, Derek O’Dean, Owen Genty-Nott, Alan Tronson, John McAlpine, Jeremy Lattin,

*Motion that Minutes of 52nd AGM be confirmed:
Moved Gabriel Keleny – Seconded Albert Speer
Carried.*

Business arising : None.

PRESIDENT’S REPORT – Harry West

Welcome to the 53rd Annual General Meeting of the Papua New Guinea Association of Australia. Although the attendance at the AGM lunch is normally only about one third of the Christmas gathering, we have fewer than usual on this occasion and this is probably because many of the 186 who attended last December were dissatisfied with the standard of food and service. This was most unfortunate because it was otherwise a most convivial occasion with a large number of visitors from country NSW and interstate.

A strong written complaint was lodged with the General Manager of the Mandarin Club. The Chief Operations Officer replied that the newly appointed caterers had been reprimanded, that the excuses offered by them were not acceptable to him and that at future functions the standard of food preparation and service will be supervised to ensure that it is restored to the level to which we are accustomed. Two complimentary bottles of wine – one white and one red – will be provided to each table for today’s function. Carafe wine will not be provided in future, but quality Debortoli Riesling, Chardonnay and Shiraz will cost only \$9.50 per bottle. A full wine price list will be posted on the notice board.

President's Report (Cont.)

In the previous years we undertook a widespread review of our Association particularly, as getting on towards 30 years since Independence in PNG, the number of superannuated members has reduced to 207 – almost all above 80 years of age. The re-naming and course of action taken has received popular support and membership has increased to 1377. It was 962 in January 1998 when Ross Johnson became Membership Officer.

At the same time it is emphasized that the superannuated members, in whose interests the parent organization was originally formed 53 years ago, have not been overlooked in any way. Tim Terrell in Canberra continues to represent the super-annuants on the Australian Council of Public Sector Retiree Organisations in a very competent way, although he recently took four months off, at the age of 74 to go to Iraq as a high level financial adviser with an American company under contract to the US Government to help re-establish and update the Iraqi Ministry of Finance and its systems. In recent times he did similar work in Kosovo and Afghanistan.

For the Committee the last year has been one of consolidation following the previous year of substantial change. The production and distribution of *UNA VOCE* to our 1377 members remains the core activity and it is *UNA VOCE* that provides the lines of communication and information for those with an abiding link and interest in PNG, and contact between members. Its pages are open to all those who wish to communicate and keep in touch. Andrea Williams has settled in well as the new Editor and brings many skills to the task so ably handled by Marie Clifton-Bassett for the previous seven and a half years. Commencing with the June 2003 issue we moved the printing of *UNA VOCE* to the Government Printing Office, because of cost savings and an equally good product. We have made some changes to the format of the front page of the journal and further changes are under consideration. Suggestions on the improvement of the presentation would be welcome.

In spite of all the voluntary work carried out by the committee, our annual association subscription of \$15 is almost entirely absorbed by the production and distribution of the four quarterly newsletters, but we consider that its growth in size and quality, the main service provided to members, is justified. We are still anxious to get whatever material we can from members for inclusion in future issues of our journal. Particularly we are interested in items on contemporary PNG from residents or visitors.

Our annual spring day trip from Sydney to the Blue Mountains took place on 9th October 2003, and 20 people gathered in the spacious and picturesque home and garden of Edna and George Oakes at Woodford. It was a most enjoyable and relaxing day and our generous hosts have volunteered their hospitality again this year. Many thanks!

Our Assistant Secretary, Joe Nitsche, and his sister Gisela held a delightful afternoon party to celebrate the 100th birthday of their mother and our eldest member Flora at Killarney Heights on Saturday 20th March for some 50 guests. Many traveled from

Queensland, even PNG, and other distant places and have been friends for very many years. Unfortunately 'Mutti' is not well at present and this is why Joe is not here today.

Lots of re-unions in different places are notified in *UNA VOCE*. I have been asked to let you know that the ex-Kiaps re-union in Canberra on Sunday 3rd October is intended for everyone, not just ex-kiaps – they are doing the organizing. As it is a long weekend in the middle of Floriade, it is recommended that motel bookings be made early.

Arising from a suggestion by Paul Ryan we approached the Governor General and he accepted personal patronage of our Association on 23rd September 2003. In accordance with our Constitution this appointment will need to be confirmed by a motion at today's Annual General Meeting.

Once again I would like to thank Dr Peter Cahill, collector of PNGAA archival material for the Fryer Library, University of Queensland; Len Bailey our honorary Auditor, Jim Toner and Jan Kleinig for keeping us in touch with members in the Northern Territory and South Australia respectively, Tim Terrell for his work with ACPSRO in Canberra, and all of our scattered members who have made contributions during the year.

Fortunately, the Committee that has been growing almost as old as Rome's College of Cardinals is being re-invigorated with some new blood – Andrea Williams, Robin Mead and Elizabeth Thurston, Chris Johnston and Stephen Burns. All are second or third generation 'Territorians'. We hope to have Robin Hodgson on board soon. Unfortunately, Roma Bates, one of our Patrons and now 95, is retiring from the Committee. Her interesting and meaningful life has included membership of the PNG Parliament. She was a member of the Legislative Council from 1961 until she returned to Australia in 1964.

Sadly, Committee member Don Drover died on 15th March 2004, and also Graeme Baker on 21st February 2004, aged 61 years. Don was foundation Professor of Chemistry at the PNG University. Graeme was with the Department of Agriculture till the early 70s and was a distinguished entomologist, painter and writer.

Finally I would like to pay tribute to the committee members, who have continued to give generously of their time and talent to keep the Association functioning smoothly. Pam Foley, Ian Reardon, Frank Smith, Ross Johnson, Joe Nitsche, Marie Day, Pat Hopper, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Roma Bates, Robin Mead, Fred Kaad and Andrea Williams. I am sure the others will join me in especially thanking Pam, our Vice-President and Secretary, Ross our Treasurer and Membership Officer, and Andrea our Editor whose tasks have been particularly demanding. On 1st June 2003 Ross established an internet presence by way of our own Website, and he will say something about this.

Thank you.

Financial Report : Treasurer.

Ross Johnson presented comprehensive report for year ended 31/12/03, covering Income & Expenditure, Assets & Liabilities, Member Statistics (attached).

Motion: that the Financial Report be accepted.

Proposed John Stevenson, seconded Robin Hodgson.

Carried.

Correspondence Report : Secretary.

Pamela Foley reported that 527 items of inward correspondence had been received and in excess of 200 items despatched.

Motion to accept the correspondence.

Proposed Frank Smith, seconded Ross Johnson.

Carried

Motion to obtain Certificate of Fair Trading

Proposed Ian Reardon – Seconded Clarrie James.

Carried

Motion to confirm appointment of the Governor General as Patron

Proposed Fred Kaad – seconded Linda Evans.

Carried

Election of Executive and Committee :

President Harry West advised that all positions had been advertised as becoming vacant. One nomination had been received for each position and those nominees had been elected unopposed:

Executive – President: Harry West, Treasurer: Ross Johnson, Secretary: Pamela Foley, Editor *Una Voce*: Andrea Williams, Assistant Secretary: Joe Nitsche, Deputy President: Pamela Foley.

Committee: Stephen Burns, Christopher Johnston, Elizabeth Thurston, Marie Day, Ian Reardon, Frank Smith, Robin Mead, Pat Hopper, Marie Clifton-Bassett, Nancy Johnston.

General Discussion:

Robin Mead expressed tribute to Ross Johnson for establishment of Website on internet as a valuable resource for information.

Paul Dennett gave details of the Oceanic Art Society and its web site for information on current and future activities and publications available.

President Harry West extended good wishes to all members for 2004.

ABRIDGED AUDITED ANNUAL ACCOUNTS
For year ended 31 December 2003

1. Statement of Income and Expenditure

2002 (\$)	INCOME	2003 (\$)
96	Donations	301
5,945	Functions (gross receipts - AGM & Xmas)	7,080
1,079	Interest	1,167
15,002	Membership Subscriptions	15,647
464	Raffles	860
4,983	Tales of Papua New Guinea (net)	1,304
27,569	TOTAL INCOME	26,359
	EXPENDITURE	
3,473	Administration Expenses	4,543
102	Caring Committee	145
1,429	Depreciation (inc. loss on disposal)	921
500	Donations	
5,724	Functions (expenditure – AGM & Xmas)	7,125
1,558	Income Tax	401
	Membership Listing	935
122	Software Purchase	129
100	Subscriptions	100
11,921	Una Voce – printing & distribution	13,241
24,929	TOTAL EXPENDITURE	27,540
2,640	Surplus / (Deficit) transferred to Members Funds	(1,181)

2. Balance Sheet as at 31 December 2002

2002 (\$)		2003 (\$)
28,212	Current Assets	25,614
16,229	Cash at Bank	16,897
11,957	Stock on hand	8,717
26	Accounts Receivable	
20,029	Investments - Term Deposits (Police Credit Union)	20,029
2,211	Fixed Assets (written-down value)	2,459
50,452	TOTAL ASSETS	48,102
12,860	Current Liabilities	13,187
219	Accounts Payable	82
250	Provision for Audit Honorarium	250
1,427	Provision for Income Tax	401
10,96	Subscriptions in Advance (Year 2003)	12,454
10,894	Long Term Liabilities - Subscriptions in Advance	10,652
23,754	TOTAL LIABILITIES	23,839
26,698	NET ASSETS	24,263
	Represented by –	
5,261	General Reserve	4,966
18,797	Balance forward from previous year	20,478
2,640	Net Surplus (Deficit) for Year	(1,181)
26,698	TOTAL MEMBER FUNDS	24,263

(The full financial statement together with the Auditor's Report, as presented to the Annual General Meeting, can be obtained on application to the Secretary)

WALSH OF BOUGAINVILLE By Ken Humphreys

It is worthy of note that the 'Alan Walsh' of Iwi Plantation mentioned in the Bishton Diaries on p13 in March *Una Voce* was actually Allen W Walsh, at one time an Assistant Resident Magistrate of British New Guinea.

Walsh's family home was at Balykilcairn Stradbally, Ireland. He was the second son of the 4th Baronet of Balykilcairn, Sir John Allen Johnson-Walsh (1829-93). The first son, Sir Hunt Henry Allen Johnson-Walsh, became the 5th Baronet in 1893 but had no male issue. Thus when he died in 1953 the title became extinct as our Allen Walsh had died in Sydney in 1931 aged 63. When his brother assumed the title Allen migrated to Australia. He is recorded as obtaining a £100 loan from Dalgetys in 1900 and leasing 4,546 hectares (11,224 acres) of grazing land near Surat in Queensland. He sold up in 1903 after having left Australia to become an ARM in February 1902. He was posted to Papangi Station on the Upper Kumusi River in later NE Papua and took over as OIC when Richard de Moleyns ARM resigned in September 1902. Papangi had been opened by de Moleyns in November 1901 and the name was changed to Papaki just after Walsh took over. The Station was closed in July 1904 with the opening of Kokoda.

Walsh is also recorded as being a Lieutenant (commission purchased) in the Queensland Mounted Infantry for 1900-01. He resigned from the BNG service in July 1904 whilst on leave. He then re-appeared as a recruiter/plantation manager in the Solomons from 1910 to 1926, dates obtained from letters to his mother and sister.

But that's not all. The above mentioned de Moleyns, nicknamed Dirty Dick, was to suicide in Samarai Hospital in 1916 leaving debts of £731 which his family repudiated. That is surprising as his sister Hersey Alice was the wife of Earl Hopetoun, Australia's first Governor General. The Earl owned 17,199 hectares on both sides of the Firth of Forth so some wealth presumably passed to his wife when he died of pernicious anaemia in 1908. There has been criticism of the Earl's tenure as Governor General. What is not well known is that he contracted typhoid at an Indian port on the journey to Australia. The aftermath of such a debilitating sickness may explain his behaviour. Full recovery from typhoid could take up to ten weeks prior to the availability of antibiotics post WW2. Thus he arrived at Sydney in poor health and facing numerous tasks that only he could perform.

Postscript: I had Walsh recorded as manager of Inus Plantation. Perhaps the handwriting in the diary was read as Iwi?

THE DIARIES OF EDWARD (TED) BISHTON

PNGAA wishes to thank his daughter, Margaret Carrick, for permission to publish this edited version of the story of one man's life in New Guinea. Copyright to this series of articles is retained by Margaret Carrick.

In the last issue (March 2004) we followed Ted's experiences as a wireless operator in Kieta. In this issue Ted, after furlough in Australia, is on his way back to Manus.

After my leave in Australia I returned to Rabaul about June 1923. In May 1921, military occupation of the Territory of ex German New Guinea ceased and civil administration was introduced. It was not until December 1921 that we Naval personnel received our discharge. All the wireless stations in the northwest Pacific, which had been manned by the Navy, were now taken over by Amalgamated Wireless (A/sia) Ltd. Those wishing to remain in the Territory were taken over by AWA; the rest returned to Australia. When I returned to Rabaul in June 1923, George (Nobby) Clarke was in charge of the Island Radio Service, which it was called after the AWA takeover. The government ship "Sumatra" was in Rabaul, about to leave for Sydney for her annual survey. Nobby was trying to get one of his staff, who was due for leave, to go on the "Sumatra" as Wireless Operator, but was not having any success, as any of those due for leave preferred to go south on the bigger Burns Philp ships. Eventually Nobby asked me if I would like the trip; I jumped at the chance and was all set to go, but at the last moment Don McIntosh volunteered and as he was going on leave, he naturally got the trip.

The "Sumatra" duly arrived in Sydney and stayed only a couple of weeks. When she was ready to return to Rabaul, Ossie Egan was due to return from leave, so it was arranged that he would return on the "Sumatra" as wireless operator. After clearing Sydney Heads, the "Sumatra" ran into very rough weather and sank somewhere off Seal Rocks on the NSW coast; there were no survivors. Captain Bell and First Officer Fuetrell were the only two washed ashore, but were beyond human aid when found. Captain Bell's mother was on board at the time of the tragedy and the Chief Engineer was a chap named Kennedy. There were nineteen native crewmen and some Chinese who went down with ship. I have always felt I was very lucky, for had I taken the ship from Rabaul to Sydney, I most certainly would have been on her for the return trip and I am always grateful to Don McIntosh for changing his mind at the last minute.

At this time there was a smallpox scare in Dutch New Guinea. It was reported that the Dutch New Guinea natives were crossing the border into our Territory, so the Administration organised an expedition to proceed to the 141° parallel, which was the imaginary line separating the two administrations, the Dutch and our territories. The expedition consisted of surveyors, doctors and medical assistants, myself as wireless operator, police boys and Cecil John Levien, who was in charge. The Administration supplied all the food and drink and, when all the stores were loaded onto the government ship "Mekalong" we set off to Aitape. We had a very rough trip and at times it was impossible to stand up. As usual there were a lot suffering from sea sickness and, by the time we arrived at Aitape, there were quite a few of us showing bruises and scars, where we had been bumped about during the voyage. Arriving at Aitape, we were met by the schooner "Ida", captained by Jock McDonald. This schooner was to take us to Vanimo, about sixty miles up the coast. All our stores were

transferred from the “Mekalong” and, in due course, we were on our way to Vanimo where we duly arrived without further incident.

Vanimo is a pretty spot, with a very good but small harbour; it was a sub-station controlled from Aitape. The only European on the station was the Police Master, who had under his command about twenty-five police boys. On our arrival, the Police Master sent police boys to the surrounding villages to collect natives, who were to be used for clearing a path along the 141° parallel; this would then be patrolled by police boys to prevent any Dutch New Guinea natives crossing into our Territory.

Jock McDonald thought it a good opportunity to clean the hull of his schooner, so at high tide it was pulled up as close as possible to shore, then shored up with timber, so that when the tide receded she was practically high and dry. Then someone prevailed upon Levien to let his head go and dole out some of the liquor. He did the right thing and we had a very hectic night on the schooner. Most schooners in the Territory at that time had a table aft, with two long seats on each side of it. These seats were used as bunks and, on the “Ida”, were occupied by Jock and myself. After the party ended, the table was littered with crockery and cutlery, glasses and bottles and rubbish of all descriptions. McDonald decided the boys could clean up in the morning, so we got under our mosquito nets and turned in for the night. Somewhere about three or four in the morning, I was awakened by an awful din; the tide had risen and in doing so, had washed away the timbers, which were keeping “Ida” on an even keel and over she went onto her side. All the rubbish on the table tipped on to me and the din was terrific; I was in a deep sleep and with such a rude awakening, I thought that we were still at sea and that the schooner had capsized. I could hear Mac and the native crew screaming as I tried to extricate myself from under the debris, which was tangled up with my mosquito net. Daylight revealed a horrible looking mess, but the crew soon had the “Ida” in good condition; fortunately no damage had been done and life went on as serenely as ever.

It was while I was on this expedition that I first encountered natives using what we know in New Guinea as Kanaka Dynamite. The coral reef on the sea front of Vanimo Harbour extended for quite some distance and this reef had quite a few large holes which, when the tide receded were left with a good quantity of fish in them; this is where the natives made use of their kanaka dynamite. They would go into the bush and collect a quantity of a certain vine, which they would place on the edge of one of these large holes; they would pound the vines on the coral and then swirl it around in the holes and practically instantaneously, the fish floated to the surface in a stunned condition. They were quickly gathered up by the natives and in a very short space of time, would be kicking and wriggling as though they had never been drugged. The natives would work a lot of these holes and their hauls of fish were generally very large.

Another time we were dynamiting fish in Vanimo Harbour, one of the police boys had the fire stick and the dynamite, waiting the opportunity to throw it into a large school of fish that was hovering just off shore. There were dozens of natives, standing up to their waists in the water, ready to retrieve the fish when the dynamite exploded. Eventually, when the police boy threw the dynamite, the natives advanced further out into the water and, by the time the dynamite exploded, the natives were nearly on top

of it. There were screams and everyone rushed into the water to their assistance, for when the dynamite exploded, they all got a terrific shock in the stomach, which doubled them over. They were all taken ashore safely and after an hour or so they were back to normal.

Most of the expedition was working round Wutung Bay, which is on the 141° parallel and, while there, they picked up a German by the name of Lange, the same fellow I knew in Mokerang, Manus. He had been working from Hollandia in Dutch New Guinea and had crossed over into our territory, shooting birds of paradise. The shooting of birds of paradise had become prohibited in our territory, but it did not deter people crossing the border, where the birds were more plentiful. After some weeks, the expedition had completed its task and the “Mekalong” came and picked us up. We left for Aitape, where we stayed for a few days.

Although the shooting of birds of paradise was prohibited, practically everyone along the coast and at Aitape indulged in this sport. The house soldier at Aitape was like an armoury; there were shotguns all around the veranda, dozens of them. There were a few deck chairs along the veranda and, one day, I went to sit in one, but for some unknown reason, changed my mind and sat in another one. Just then, there was a loud explosion and the canvas in the deck chair of the one I was going to sit in was blown to pieces. It was the same old story - one of the chaps picked up one of the guns and didn't know it was loaded. I had a very lucky escape and got away with a few pellets in my arm.

We left Aitape and set out for the Western Islands. We called at Wuvululu and Arwa to pick up copra. The people of these islands are of the Micronesian type; the women have long hair and very fine physique, while the men are a very poor type and consumptive looking. They live in round wooden huts, which they keep very clean and they line their houses in rows. Before the 1914-18 war, a German warship had called here and, when she left, two of the crew were missing. One was killed by the natives and the other, Charlie Mathies, became the guide, philosopher and friend of the natives. No doubt he instilled a little German discipline into them; hence the well laid out and clean villages. Old Charlie had a son, Peter, who used to work for Burns Philp in Rabaul.

Our next port was Pellaluhan, a very good plantation managed by Charlie Booth, who later made a fortune, with his wife Doris on the Bulolo goldfields. Charlie, of course, came out in a small dinghy to meet the boat. Dr Honman, who was on board, wanted to go ashore and make an inspection, so I went with him in Charlie's boat. On the way to the plantation, the rain came down in torrents, so that by the time we reached our destination, the boat was half full of water. When we arrived, the boys pulled the boat up on the beach and pulled the plug out to let the water escape. We then went to Charlie's house, where he insisted we should strip off and he would dry our clothes in the copra dryer. He supplied us with a towel each, which we used as a lap-lap. We had a few drinks and the old Doc got very annoyed when he realised Charlie was not going to supply a meal. Charlie had two massive bulldogs which he greatly admired; all round the house were show ribbons, which his dogs had won at various shows in Queensland. The old Doc asked for our clothes as we were going back to the ship. They arrived, but they were just as wet as when they were taken from us and it looked

as though they had been pulled through coal shutes. We got down to the beach and the boys launched the dinghy into the water and we were on our way back to the ship. We had not gone very far, when we discovered we were making water very fast and, looking down, I noticed that the plug had not been put back in; so I inserted one of my fingers in the hole, while the old Doc did the bailing. On arrival back at the ship, the Doc could not get on board quickly enough and, when he did get on board, he told Charlie Booth without any qualifications, what he thought of him.

We next called at Longan, then on to Maron in the Hermit Island group. Maron used to be the headquarters of Wahlan, who owned most of the Western Islands; he had built himself a fine mansion, beautifully furnished and used to entertain German royalty, whenever any of them visited New Guinea; he even imported deer for the pleasure of his guests. I saw this old mansion a few times in later years; what with souvenir hunters and being uninhabited for long periods, it was rapidly deteriorating. Our next port was Noru, where I once again met up with my old friend, Bill Southcote. We still had little Lange on board; he was being taken to Rabaul for trial, for being in our territory without a permit. Lange and Bill greeted each other like long lost brothers. After loading all Bill's copra, we proceeded to Mokarang, then on to Rabaul. Lange was put into prison and was eventually tried and sentenced and the next time I saw him, he was at Namanula hospital, carrying out his sentence as a medical orderly.

It would now be about the end of 1923 and after a short stay at Rabaul, I was assigned to Manus, where I was stationed until 1926.

In the next instalment (September 2004), Ted recounts his experiences in Manus

VALE –With deep regret we record the passing of the following members and friends

Drover Dr Donald (15 March 2004, aged 76 years)

A respected member of the PNGAA Committee, Don grew up in Narrandera. He later graduated from the University of Sydney with a B Science degree, continuing on to the University of Dundee in Scotland. He then became Senior Lecturer in Soil Chemistry at the University of Western Australia in Perth during which time he published around 40 technical and research papers and was awarded his Doctorate. In 1960 Dr Drover became Professor of Agriculture, Biochemistry and Soil Science at the University of Khartoum in the Sudan, spending five years there. In 1966 he became Foundation Professor of Chemistry at the newly established University of Papua New Guinea.

Donald and Christine were married in 1969. The following year Don was the Organising Secretary for the 42nd Congress of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science held in Port Moresby. He was awarded the Papua New Guinea Independence Medal in 1975 for his service to the University of PNG. After leaving PNG in 1981 Donald held positions in Darwin, Sydney and Perth. In addition to being a fellow of the Royal Australian Chemical Institute and Chairman and Sydney Chairman of London based Royal Society of Arts he was an executive member of a Sydney Rotary club which developed a project called Preserve Planet Earth. Brimming with understated dry humour, Don's international academic successes never overtook the importance of his Narrandera roots. Donald's wife, Christine, predeceased him. He leaves behind his three children, Alison, Camilla and Angus and three grandchildren.

Angus Drover

Baker, Graeme (21 February 2004, aged 61 years)

Graeme went to PNG in 1967 to work in the Department of Primary Industry as an Entomologist. His first posting was to Popondetta where he was involved with the outbreak of the Pantorhytes weevil on the Soldier and Smallholder Settlements in the Northern Province and some in the East New Britain area. He also worked in the Milne Bay, Morobe and Western Highlands Provinces, mainly on grasshoppers and other pests.

He commenced work as a locust and grasshopper entomologist with the Department of Agriculture, NSW, at the Biological and Chemical Research Institute, Rydalmere in 1975 and remained there until its closure in 1997.

Graeme recorded the history of all outbreaks of plague locusts and wingless grasshoppers in NSW. He had incubation rooms in the Institute where he bred parasites and recorded information on their behaviour etc. He was well known for his research work on the effect of parasitic nematodes on grasshopper populations in Australia. Graeme was at all times very conscious of the environment, although not entirely against aerial spraying of insecticides; he was aware of the damage it could cause. He was principal and co-author of over 30 advisory publications; one of which, a book on Scelio, the publishers were awarded the Warkley Award for the best scientific book of the year. Graeme was also invited to many countries around the world to present papers on his findings.

Graeme's other interests included art - he enjoyed painting for relaxation, was a good photographer, loved writing short stories and had a wide interest in real estate. A valued committee member of PNGAA, Graeme also designed the cover on our book 'Tales of Papua New Guinea'.

Joe Nitsche and Ray Pigott

Nitsche, Flora (21 May 2004, aged 100 years)

Please see page 19

Siaguru, Sir Anthony (16 April 2004, aged 57 years)

Sir Anthony, a PNGAA member, was a former prominent Papua New Guinea MP and anti-corruption campaigner, and a member of the first class to graduate in law from the University of Papua New Guinea in 1971. His great contribution to the development of PNG began with his pioneering role in becoming the first secretary in the newly established Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade both before and after Independence. He continued to hold many roles in the private and public sectors as well as in the community; also being a leading company director and lawyer. Sir Anthony was elected to parliament in 1982 and served in various ministerial posts until 1987. In 1990 he was knighted for his contribution to public and community service. In that year, too, he became the highest ranking PNG diplomat as Deputy Secretary-General of the Commonwealth Secretariat in London.

Sir Anthony is survived by his wife Lady Whilhelmina Siaguru and sons Steven, Stanley and Daniel.

Info taken from *Post Courier* and *Brisbane's Sunday Mail*

Dutton, William 'Bill' (1924 - 15 February 2004)

Having grown up on his parents' farm at Maleny, Queensland, Bill joined the 5th Light Horse (later to become the 5th Motorised Regiment). Advancing his age from 17 to the required 18 years, he enlisted as a Trooper to commence military training and was subsequently posted to New Guinea with the 19th Brigade where he saw action in various areas along the North Coast of New Guinea.

After his discharge in 1946 he embarked on a career of contract building in Western Queensland before taking up an appointment with the Commonwealth Department of Works (CDW) in 1950. Whilst with CDW he received postings to Losuia, Samarai, Rabaul and Kavieng where he was involved in building projects. In 1955 he secured an appointment as Building Inspector with the Department of Civil Aviation (DCA) and shortly after was transferred to Madang. In 1956 he joined the Papua New Guinea Volunteer Rifles (PNGVR) and served with this unit until 1961 when he returned to Port Moresby.

In 1961, whilst on leave in Brisbane, Bill married Sister Vivienne Champ. They returned to Port Moresby and took up residence in a DCA 'Hawksley' in 1st Street Boroko. In 1966 they moved to Perth, Western Australia, where Bill had been promoted to Chief Building Inspector. Another promotion, in 1969, saw Bill back in Brisbane where he subsequently had considerable input into the construction of the new Brisbane airport. Retiring in 1984, he was able to indulge his passion for fishing. Bill is survived by his wife, Vivienne and children William Jnr and Anne Marie.

Jim Dutton

Blake, Marjorie nee Hawnt (previously Ross) (18 April 2004, aged 91 years)

Further details next issue

Lang, Malcolm (16 March 2004, aged 72 years)

Mal spent most of his youth in the Bathurst district where he developed a love for an independent outdoor lifestyle and the natural environment. After attending boarding school in Sydney he joined the PNG Administration as a Cadet Patrol Officer in 1953. He remained in the public service in PNG for an unbroken period of thirty years. When he declined a further contract in 1983 he was Advisor to the fledgling Central Province Provincial Government. His achievements whilst participating in initial contact patrols in the Koroba area of the Southern Highlands in 1956 were described in books written by Jim Sinclair, and many will remember the wonderful dustcover photograph of Mal leading a patrol down the broken bottle country of the Strickland River Gorge. Mal continued to work in PNG until 1990 - for a company which provided labour and camp management facilities for international oil companies.

In 1970 Mal completed, mainly by correspondence, a Bachelor of Laws degree with the University of Queensland although he never subsequently attempted to practice it. He also became a licensed pilot and was always a keen sportsman – even representing New Guinea against Papua in Rugby League.

After retiring to Manly he enjoyed a full and varied lifestyle, part of which was being involved with the surf and sailing clubs there. He maintained his proficiency in the French and German languages by borrowing books from the local library as well as maintaining a strong interest in matters historical, political and environmental. Mal is survived by his partner, Elizabeth, and his son, Scott.

(See 'Patrol Post in the Sky' page 24)

Harry Redmond

Charles, Alan (7 March 2004, aged 78 years)

Alan was born and educated in Goulburn, NSW. He won a Department of Agriculture cadetship and earned his B Sc Agr with first class honours from Sydney University in 1948, and won an award to earn his M Sc from Cambridge. While he was studying in England his fiancée, nursing sister Gwen Guymer, went over to join him and they were married in Cambridge.

Alan returned to work for two years as an agronomist with the NSW Dept of Agriculture before going to PNG in 1953 as Economic Botanist in DASF. In his 18 years service with DASF he rose to the position of Assistant Director (Research and Surveys), and was acting Director on a number of occasions. He built up and improved the research capabilities of his division and contributed significantly to the crop development programs that assisted both smallholder and plantation production and the introduction of new industries in tea, sugar, oil palm and pyrethrum. Outside work hours he was active in the formation and development of the Boroko Baptist Church and MAPANG missionary guesthouse.

Returning to Australia in 1971 he served the rest of his career with CSIRO in Canberra, rising to the position of Manager, Policy and Planning, of the Institute of Animal and Food Production and Processing, responsible for more than 1500 staff, including more than 500 scientists. He retired about 1990. In recognition of his outstanding work in agriculture and research administration, he was elected a Fellow of the Australian Institute of Agricultural Science and Technology.

In his retirement he gave rein to his sense of adventure in several demanding trips, hiking in the Himalayas, to Macchu Pichu in the Andes, and through the mountains of Patagonia (at age 77!); white water rafting in Africa; and cycling 800km through southern China.

He is survived by his wife Gwen, two daughters, a son and eight grandchildren.

Arthur Charles

Tomasetti, William Thomas (4 April 2004, aged 85 years)

Bill joined the PNG administration in early 1946 after distinguished wartime service with the 2/22nd Commandos behind enemy lines in Timor, and first served in the Morobe District. Of academic inclination he became a specialist in Community Development and from 1960 to 1962 trained at London University and had comparative experience in India and the Phillipines.

His 32 years in PNG were split evenly between practical grass roots work amongst the rural people and academia. He was a field officer from 1946 till 1963 and then with the Administrative Staff College till his retirement as a Senior Lecturer in 1978. In the middle of this period however he had 5 important years as Dean of Students at the University of PNG, when he did much to bridge the cultural gap between the student body and the diverse academic staff.

In his long retirement at Wentworth Falls, Bill involved himself in local affairs and for a time was President of the Upper Blue Mountains Area Health Board. He also translated Professor Peter Lawrence's book 'Road Bilong Cargo' into Pidgin English. Bill was very proud of his competence in both the Pidgin and Motu languages. He is survived by his wife Fredagard, and daughters, Josephine and Stephanie from his first marriage to Leslie.

Harry West

Chiverall, John Arthur (20 April 2004, aged 68 years)
John was with the Department of Education in Port Moresby, later moving to Brisbane. John is survived by his wife, Clare, and their children Anthony and Paula.

Info from The Courier Mail 24 April 2004

Walker, Muriel (15 April 2004, aged 87 years)

Muriel, wife of member John Walker, had two spells in PNG. The first was in 1947-48 when she joined Johnnie in Port Moresby after several months' separation. They lived at "Taldora" out near the aerodrome and had legendary "dings" most weekends. Daughter Susan, just over one, was very spoiled by all the men separated from their families, but it was a difficult time with not much fresh meat and vegetables. "Taldora" had wooden shutters, cement floors, no ceilings and an outdoor dunny, so it was hardly a palatial residence; nevertheless it was a very happy time. Muriel loved the climate and lifestyle of PNG and was very happy to return in 1957, when Johnnie was posted by DCA to Lae. They lived in Coronation Drive (13th Street) and enjoyed sundowners at the Lae Club and catching up with old friends from Moresby. Susan finished primary school and had two years of boarding school during their stay. Later on Susan and family returned to Port Moresby and Muriel and Johnnie were able to visit and see how things had changed.

Susan Woodward

Huggins, Denis (22 March 2004, aged 79 years)

Denis grew up in Ashbury and when he completed his schooling he began an apprenticeship training to become a Fitter and Turner. He was 15 years old when the Second World War began. When the war ended, Denis travelled to Rabaul to attend the wedding of his sister Peg to Matt Foley. He then worked as a mechanic for Matt in his hire car and trucking business. He met and married Pauline; Ray was born and as a family they remained in New Guinea for 30 years, only leaving after Independence. Denis and Pauline then moved to Sydney where they ran two service stations. After Pauline's death in 1981, Denis moved to Caboolture to be with his New Guinea mates. He would frequently tell his visitors stories about life in Rabaul.

Denis was always fascinated by advances in technology and, a few years ago, bought a computer and tried to learn as much as he could by reading books and joining a computer club. Also, he was always willing to help out those not as well off as himself – he spent several days a week assisting with Meals on Wheels in Caboolture. When he moved back to Sydney recently he donated all his furniture and household goods to the Salvation Army and the Vietnam Veterans Association. Denis is survived by his son Ray and his family.

Extract from eulogy as read by Neil Hickling

Stevenson, Beatrice (12 March 2004, aged 77 years)

Beatrice, who worked for Treasury, originally came from Hobart and married John at the Rabaul Memorial Church in July 1963. In recent years they lived at Wyong. She is survived by husband, John, and sons Martin and Alan.

John Stevenson

Knight, Stanley (16 April 2004, aged 77 years)

Stanley went to the District Office in Rabaul in 1946. In 1948 he transferred to Daru for two years from where he went to DASF in Port Moresby until he left PNG in 1955.

Enders, Wilma (14 May 2004, aged 79 years)

Wilma, wife of Dr Paul Enders, passed away after a long illness. Further details in next issue.

Mann, Lady (Yvonne Ella) (20 April 2004, aged 89 years)

Devoted wife of the late Sir Alan Mann former Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea. Much loved Mother of Vanda, Elizabeth, Caroline and Trischa.

The Australian 23 April 2004

Coleman, Frank Robert (11 February 2004, aged 66 years)

Frank first went to PNG in 1956 after training at ASOPA. After a week in Port Moresby he was sent to Rabaul and after some time there was transferred to Madang. From Madang he went to Wewak as Collector of Customs where he stayed until 1970. He then went to Lae to take over as Collector when Jack Goad retired.

In 1962 he married Shirley and eight years later their twin daughters were born. This caused much excitement in Wewak as they were the first European twins to both survive for many years. Shirley worked at Haus Wireless.

Frank was the first Collector of Customs to be replaced by a local officer and the family left PNG in May 1975, settling in Chatswood where Shirley remains today.

After Frank retired in 1994 he did some voluntary work with the Vietnam Veterans and the Chatswood RSL. Frank always remained very interested in PNG as he had enjoyed his time there. He is survived by his wife Shirley, two daughters Yvonne and Ruth, their husbands and three grandchildren who were his pride and joy.

Shirley Coleman

Palmer, Gwen Esther (23 April 2004, aged 78 years)

Gwen Esther, late of Southport, Wynnum and formerly of Lae, Papua New Guinea.

No further details

Info from The Courier Mail 24 April 2004

McGrath, David (March 2004, aged 46 years)

David went to PNG at the age of three with his parents and spent 15 years there. While living in Goroka he was the only non-indigenous member of the First Goroka Scout Troop and this experience was always special to him. Ten years after leaving school David started an Asian Studies degree and became fluent in Mandarin. He then helped build Australia's relationship with China through his diplomatic postings and work with the Department of Foreign Affairs. He was instrumental in the successful bid to provide \$25 billion of Australian gas to China which, at that time, was the biggest resource contract in Australia's history. He returned to PNG in 1998 as a diplomat and was married in 2002. David frequently visited his mother, Laura Webb, in Perth. David is survived by his wife Annmaree.

Info from The West Australian 19 May 2004

Bourne, Neville (12 May 2004)

Neville, a former Member of Parliament, passed away in Port Moresby. He became the Member for Menyamya in 1982 and held that seat for two terms. He also had the position of Minister for Transport.

Huxley, Jim (15 May 2004, aged 81 years)

Further details next issue

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

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